JAMES. LOWSON

THE CHURCH HYMNARY

REVISED EDITION

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Authorized for Use in Public Worship

by

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND
THE UNITED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WALES
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AUSTRALIA
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PREFACE

THE original edition of the Church Hymnary appeared in 1898, and its wide circulation has been the best proof of its popularity. In 1922 the General Assemblies of the Churches interested, the Church of Scotland, the United Free Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, recognizing that the time had come for the preparation of a revised edition, instructed their Praise Committees to proceed with the revision of the Hymnary both as to words and music.

The work was entrusted to a Joint Revision Committee formed of representatives from these Committees; but the Presbyterian Church of England and the Presbyterian Church of Wales having expressed a desire to co-operate, the General Assemblies of 1923 of the Scottish and Irish Churches instructed the Committees to admit representatives of these Churches to take part in the work, and the Joint Revision Committee was augmented accordingly. The Presbyterian Churches of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand also appointed Committees to co-operate with the revisers, and two of the members of the Committee acted in the interests of these Churches. In 1925 the General Assemblies approved the draft of the words of the Revised Hymnary and, subject to adjustments, authorized its publication on the completion of the choice and arrangement of the music.

In the revision of the music the Committee has been fortunate in having the co-operation of representatives of the Societies of Organists in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Ulster, and musicians from England and Wales. Thanks are due to these gentlemen, whose practical experience has been of the utmost value, and particularly to Dr. David Evans, Professor of Music in the University of Wales, who has not only acted as chief musical editor, but has transcribed the tunes for the sol-fa and melody editions. The Committee de-

sires likewise to put on record its special indebtedness to the secretary, Mr. W. M. Page, who has spared neither time nor labour in its service. Great care has been taken to trace the authors or proprietors of words and music. If there has been any infringement of copyright or omission of acknowledgement it is unintentional, and the Committee trusts that it will be pardoned.

The Church Hymnary in this revised form is issued with the prayer that its use may be to the glory of God and the good of His people.

April 1927.

Full copyright acknowledgements of words and tunes will be found in the principal harmonized music editions; also acknowledgements for the words in the Pica (No. 6 R.) words edition.

CONTENTS

	HYMNS
GOD : HIS BEING, WORKS, AND WORD—	
The Holy Trinity	1–7
God in Creation, Providence, and Redemption	8–39
The Lord Jesus Christ—	
His Incarnation	40–66
His Life and Example	67–93
His Sufferings and Death	94–114
His Resurrection	115–127
His Ascension and Exaltation	128–139
His Sympathy and Intercession	140–148
His Coming in Power	149–163
His Praise	164–179
The Holy Spirit	180–196
The Holy Scriptures	197–204
THE CHURCH—	
The Communion of Saints	205–227
Worship: The Sanctuary	228–255
Worship: Morning	256–270
Worship: Evening	271–294
Worship: Close of Worship	295–303
The Sacraments—	
Baptism	304–310
The Lord's Supper	311–324
Marriage	325–327
Burial of the Dead	328–332
The Service of the Kingdom	333–363
Missions	364–389

CONTENTS

	HYMNS
THE CHRISTIAN LIFE—	
The Gospel Call	390–398
Penitence and Faith	399–415
Love and Gratitude	416–437
Peace and Joy	438–448
Prayer, Aspiration, and Holiness	449–483
Brotherly Love	484–493
Consecration and Discipleship	494–522
Conflict and Victory	523–538
Trust and Resignation	539–561
Pilgrimage and Rest	562–584
Death, Resurrection, and the Life Everlasting	585–600
TIMES AND SEASONS	601–623
TRAVELLERS AND THE ABSENT	624–630
NATIONAL HYMNS	631–647
HOME AND SCHOOL	648–678
MISSION SERVICES	679–707
DOXOLOGIES	708–713
ANCIENT HYMNS AND CANTICLES	714–728
LIST OF HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG	p. 229
INDEX OF FIRST WORDS	p. 233

GOD: HIS BEING, WORKS, AND WORD

THE HOLY TRINITY

1 11 12. 12 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

2 87. 87. and refrain.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
'Holy, holy, holy,' singing,
'Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.
Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

3 With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

RICHARD MANT, 1776–1848.

3 L. M.

WE praise, we worship Thee, O God;
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before Thy throne,
And Thee the great Jehovah own.

2 Loud hallelujahs to Thy Name
Angels and seraphim proclaim;
By all the powers and thrones in heaven
Eternal praise to Thee is given.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

4 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And swell the loud triumphant song;
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
And spread the hallelujah round.

5 Glory to Thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise Thy majesty:
The Son, the Spirit we adore—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

Tr. in PHILIP GELL'S *Psalms and Hymns*, 1815.

4

L. M.

O TRINITY, O blessèd Light,
O Unity, most principal,
The fiery sun now leaves our sight:
Cause in our hearts Thy beams to fall.

2 Let us with songs of praise divine
At morn and evening Thee implore;
And let our glory, bowed to Thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

3 To God the Father, glory great,
And glory to His only Son,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Both now and still while ages run.
Amen.

ST. AMBROSE, 340–97;
tr. by WM. DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, 1585–1649.

5

L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

EDWARD COOPER, 1770–1833.

6

88. 88. 88.

O KING of kings, before whose throne
The angels bow, no gift can we
Present that is indeed our own,
Since heaven and earth belong to Thee;
Yet this our souls through grace impart,
The offering of a thankful heart.

2 O Jesus, set at God's right hand,
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy loyal-hearted band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need:
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps guide.

3 O Holy Spirit, Fount of breath,
Whose comforts never fail nor fade,
Vouchsafe the life that knows no death,
Vouchsafe the light that knows no shade;
And grant that we, through all our days,
May share Thy gifts and sing Thy praise.

JOHN QUARLES, 1624–65; and THOMAS DARLING, 1816–93.

7

87. 87. 87.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory be to God the Son,
Glory be to God the Spirit,—
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;
Glory, glory
To the King of Glory bring!

4 'Glory, blessing, praise eternal!'
Thus the choir of angels sings;
'Honour, riches, power, dominion!'
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

GOD IN CREATION, PROVIDENCE, AND REDEMPTION

8

C. M.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

5 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

6 Two worlds are ours; 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

9

From Psalm civ. 10 10. 11 11.

O WORSHIP the King all-glorious above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

ROBERT GRANT, 1779–1838.

10

From Psalm xix. D. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672–1719.

11 *From Psalm* cxxxvi. 77. 77.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the God:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7 Let us then with gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1608–74.

12 11 11. 11 11.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great Name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all, life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

4 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, 1824–1908.

13 88. 44. 88. and refrain.

ALL creatures of our God and King,
Lift up your voice and with us sing
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou burning sun with golden beam,
Thou silver moon with softer gleam,
O praise Him, O praise Him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

2 Thou rushing wind that art so strong,
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise Him, Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice.

3 Thou flowing water, pure and clear,
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia !
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light.

4 Dear mother earth, who day by day
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise Him, Alleluia !
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them His glory also show.

5 And all ye men of tender heart,
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia !
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on Him cast your care.

6 And thou, most kind and gentle death,
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise Him, Alleluia !
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.

7 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship Him in humbleness,
O praise Him, Alleluia !
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1182–1226 ; *tr.* by WILLIAM HENRY DRAPER, 1855–

14

Irr.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alleluia !
To the glory of their King
Let the ransomed people sing
Alleluia !

2 And the choirs that dwell on high
Swell the chorus in the sky,
Alleluia !

3 Ye through the fields of Paradise that roam,
Ye blessèd ones, repeat through that bright home, Alleluia !

4 Ye planets, glittering on your heavenly way,
Ye shining constellations, join and say Alleluia !

5 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your
Alleluia !

6 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing
Alleluia !

7 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say Alleluia !

8 Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Alleluia !

9 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous Alleluia !
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus, Alleluia !

10 Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry
Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply Alleluia !

11 To God, who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid,
Alleluia !

12 This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord of all things loves :
Alleluia !
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ Himself approves :
Alleluia !

13 Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking, Alleluia !
And children's voices echo, answer making, Alleluia !

14 Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord.
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.

15 Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Attributed to BALBULUS NOTKER, 840–912 ; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

15 10 4. 66. 66. 10 4.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
'My God and King!'
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
'My God and King!'

2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
'My God and King!'
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
'My God and King!'

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593–1632.

16 *From Psalm* cl. 77. 77.

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show, *Hallelujah!*
Saints within His courts below, *Hallelujah!*
Angels round His throne above, *Hallelujah!*
All that see and share His love. *Hallelujah!*

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;
Age to age and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him evermore!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

17 77. 77. 77.

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

5 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT, 1835–1917.

18 76. 76.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
That brightens up the sky,

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes, by the water,
We gather every day,—

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

19

88. 84.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, all praise to Thee be given,
Who givest all.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–85.

20

56. 64.

GOD, who made the earth,
The air, the sky, the sea,
Who gave the light its birth,
Careth for me.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, who made all things,
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

5 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

6 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
'God cared for me.'

SARAH BETTS RHODES, 1870.

21

From Psalm ciii. 87. 87. 87.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind and it is gone;
But, while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One.

5 Angels, help us to adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

22

From Psalms ciii, cl. 14 14. 478.

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation ;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and salvation ;
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shieldeth thee gently from harm, or when fainting sustaineth ;
Hast thou not seen
How thy heart's wishes have been
Granted in what He ordaineth ?

3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee ;
Surely His goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee ;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

4 Praise to the Lord ! O let all that is in me adore Him !
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him !
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again :
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650–80 ; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78, and others.

23

L. M.

SING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

4 For joys untold, that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

5 For He is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811–75.

24

L. M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809–94.

25

L. M.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and, all ye heavens, rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways:
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known;
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
'The Lord Omnipotent is King!'

JOSIAH CONDER, 1789–1855.

26

C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

7 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672–1719.

27

C. M.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears!

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

6 How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–63.

28

87. 87.

A GLADSOME hymn of praise we sing,
And thankfully we gather
To bless the love of God above,
Our everlasting Father.

2 In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves for ever.

3 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended,
And He whose wisdom guides the world
Our footsteps hath attended.

4 For nothing falls unknown to Him,
Or care or joy or sorrow,
And He whose mercy ruled the past
Will be our stay to-morrow.

5 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great Name give glory,
And of His never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD, 1842–1924.

29

67. 67. 66. 66.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices,—
Who, from our mothers' arms,
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,—
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MARTIN RINKART, 1586–1649; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

30

10 10. 11 11.

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'

3 His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

4 No strength of our own or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great Name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,—
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

31

C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER,
1731–1800.

32

C. M.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and His very self
And essence all-divine.

5 O generous love! that He who smote
In Man, for man, the foe,
The double agony in Man,
For man, should undergo,

6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,—
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
1801–90.

33

87. 87.

GOD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love!

JOHN BOWRING, 1792–1872.

34

11 10. 11 10.

PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most holy,
Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise Him who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-kindness,
And all the tender mercy He hath shown;
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah, Source of all our blessing;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons wax dim;
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in Him.

4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us;
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three in One.

MARGARET COCKBURN-CAMPBELL,
1808–41.

35 *From Psalm* cxlviii. 87. 87.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.

2 Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.

3 Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

Foundling Hospital Hymns, 1809.

36 86. 886.

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on Thee!

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

THOMAS BINNEY, 1798–1874.

37 6666. 4444.

ABOVE the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God.
Hallelujah!
They love to sing
To God their King,
'Hallelujah!'

2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth
In love to us impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
'Hallelujah!'

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
All then with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
'Hallelujah!'

JOHN CHANDLER, 1806–76.

38 77. 77.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away:
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth:
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

39

66. 66. 44. 44.

YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
His praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And, onward as ye go,
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives,
And praise Him still
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love.
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615–91, and others.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

HIS INCARNATION

40

From St. Luke iv. 18–19. C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!

2 On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
When heaven's high promise is fulfilled,
And Israel is restored.

7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With Thy most honoured Name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

41

8336. 8336.

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
'Christ is born!' their choirs are singing,
Till the air, everywhere,
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat:
'Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come: from all doth grieve you
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you.'

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star that, from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Thee, O Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee for ever
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76;
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

42

From St. Luke ii. 8–15. D. C. M.

WHILE humble shepherds watched their flocks
In Bethlehem's plains by night,
An angel sent from heaven appeared,
And filled the plains with light.
'Fear not,' he said, for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

2 'To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will is shown by heaven to men,
And never more shall cease.'

NAHUM TATE, 1652–1715, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

43

Irr.

IN the field with their flocks abiding,
They lay on the dewy ground,
And glimmering under the starlight
The sheep lay white around,
When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them,
And lo! from the heaven above,
An angel leaned from the glory,
And sang his song of love;
He sang, that first sweet Christmas,
The song that shall never cease,—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace!

2 'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.'
And sudden a host of the heavenly ones
Flashed forth to join the lay.
O never hath sweeter message
Thrilled home to the souls of men;
And the heavens themselves had never heard
A gladder choir till then;
For they sang that Christmas carol
That never on earth shall cease,—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace!'

3 And the shepherds came to the manger,
And gazed on the Holy Child;
And calmly o'er that rude cradle
The virgin mother smiled;
And the sky, in the starlit silence,
Seemed full of the angel lay,—
'To you in the city of David
A Saviour is born to-day.'

O they sang—and I ween that never
The carol on earth shall cease,—
'Glory to God in the highest,
On earth goodwill and peace!'

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR, 1831–1903.

44

87. 87. D.

LITTLE children, wake and listen!
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.
Long ago, to lonely meadows,
Angels brought the message down;
Still, each year, through midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found;
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
Little children, wake and listen!
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth.

S.P.C.K. Appendix, 1869.

45

Irr.

THE first Nowell the angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay:
In fields where they lay a-keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

2 They lookèd up and saw a star,
Shining in the east, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

5 Then entered in those wise men three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense.

6 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Traditional Carol.

46

77. 77. D. and refrain.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!'
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem.'
Hark! the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King.'

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

47

D. C. M.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For, lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1810–76.

48

D. C. M.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by :
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary ;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in ;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1835–93.

49

Irr.

STILL the night, holy the night!
Sleeps the world ; hid from sight,
Mary and Joseph in stable bare
Watch o'er the Child beloved and fair,
Sleeping in heavenly rest.

2 Still the night, holy the night!
Shepherds first saw the light,
Heard resounding clear and long,
Far and near, the angel-song,
'Christ the Redeemer is here!'

3 Still the night, holy the night!
Son of God, O how bright
Love is smiling from Thy face!
Strikes for us now the hour of grace,
Saviour, since Thou art born!

JOSEPH MOHR, 1792–1848.

50 Irr.

IN the bleak mid-winter,
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold Him,
Nor earth sustain;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign:
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty,
Jesus Christ.

3 Angels and archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and seraphim
Throngèd the air;
But His mother only,
In her maiden bliss,
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss.

4 What can I give Him,
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd,
I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man,
I would do my part;
Yet what I can I give Him—
Give my heart.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

51 77. 77. and refrain.

SEE! in yonder manger low,
Born for us on earth below,
See! the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.
Hail, thou ever-blessèd morn!
Hail, redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
'Christ is born in Bethlehem!'

2 Lo! within a manger lies
He who built the starry skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.

3 Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

4 'As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous light:
Angels, singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.'

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

52 67. 67.

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

2 Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

3 Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

53 55. 53. D.

CHILD in the manger,
Infant of Mary;
Outcast and stranger,
Lord of all!
Child who inherits
All our transgressions,
All our demerits
On Him fall.

2 Once the most holy
Child of salvation
Gently and lowly
Lived below;
Now, as our glorious
Mighty Redeemer,
See Him victorious
O'er each foe.

3 Prophets foretold Him,
Infant of wonder;
Angels behold Him
On His throne;
Worthy our Saviour
Of all their praises;
Happy for ever
Are His own.

MARY MACDONALD, 1817–*c.* 1890;
tr. by LACHLAN MACBEAN, 1853–

54

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son:

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire.
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual goodwill.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of His infant fame.

5 Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who has retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel men the King.

JOHN BYROM, 1691–1763.

55

Irr.

FIRST FORM.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
'Glory to God
In the highest.'
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

18th century;
tr. by FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1802–80.

55 Irr.

SECOND FORM.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyfully triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Lo! in a manger
Lies the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 Though true God of true God,
Light of Light eternal,
The womb of a virgin He hath not abhorred;
Son of the Father,
Not made, but begotten;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels,
Songs of loudest triumph,
Through heaven's high arches be your praises poured,
'Now to our God be
Glory in the highest.'
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation!
O Jesus, for ever be Thy Name adored:
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

18th century;
tr. by WILLIAM MERCER, 1811–73.

56 L. M.

'FROM heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing,—

2 '"To you this night is born a Child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild";
This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3 'Tis Christ our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be;
Himself from sin will make you free.'

4 Welcome to earth, Thou noble Guest,
Through whom even wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee?

5 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

6 Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

7 My heart for very joy doth leap;
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song,—

8 'Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!'
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546;
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

57 *From Isaiah* ix. 2–7. C. M.

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun!
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

JOHN MORISON, 1750–98, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

58

Irr.

GOOD Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Give ye heed to what we say:
News! News!
Jesus Christ is born to-day.
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now:
Christ is born to-day.

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Joy! Joy!
Jesus Christ was born for this.
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed for evermore.
Christ was born for this.

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!
Now ye need not fear the grave:
Peace! Peace!
Jesus Christ was born to save;
Calls you one, and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save.

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

59

87. 87.

GOD and Father, we adore Thee
For the Son, Thine image bright,
In whom all Thy holy nature
Dawned on our once hopeless night.

2 Far from Thee our footsteps wandered,
On dark paths of sin and shame;
But our midnight turned to morning,
When the Lord of Glory came.

3 Word Incarnate, God revealing,
Longed-for while dim ages ran,
Love Divine, we bow before Thee,
Son of God and Son of Man.

4 Let our life be new created,
Ever-living Lord, in Thee,
Till we wake with Thy pure likeness,
When Thy face in heaven we see;

5 Where the saints of all the ages,
Where our fathers glorified,
Clouds and darkness far beneath them,
In unending day abide.

6 God and Father, now we bless Thee
For the Son, Thine image bright,
In whom all Thy holy nature
Dawns on our adoring sight.

Verse 1 attributed to JOHN NELSON DARBY, 1800–82; verses 2–5 and adaptation of verse 6, HUGH FALCONER, 1859–

60

87. 87. 877.

OF the Father's love begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

2 O that birth for ever blessèd,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
First revealed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!

3 This is He whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord,
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now He shines, the Long-expected;
Let creation praise its Lord,
Evermore and evermore.

4 O ye heights of heaven, adore Him;
Angel hosts, His praises sing;
All dominions, bow before Him,
And extol our God and King;
Let no tongue on earth be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore.
Amen.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS, 348–413;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

61

66 10. 66 10. 8 12.

RING out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so:
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time:
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow:
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

2 For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

3 Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering:
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

JOHN MILTON, 1608–74.

62

77. 77.

'JESUS!' Name of wondrous love;
Name all other names above,
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 'Jesus!' Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,—
'Jesus shall His people save.'

3 'Jesus!' Name of mercy mild,
Given to the Holy Child
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

4 'Jesus!' only Name that 's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 'Jesus!' Name of wondrous love;
Human Name of God above;
Pleading only this, we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

63

77. 77. 77.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,—
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom heaven and earth adore,—
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare,—
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837–98.

64

11 10. 11 10. Dactylic.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

65

87. 87. 47.

ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flock by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

66

65. 65. D.

FROM the eastern mountains,
Pressing on, they come,
Wise men in their wisdom,
To His humble home,
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.

2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.

3 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,

Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way;
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.

5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
HIS LIFE AND EXAMPLE

67 Irr.

THOU didst leave Thy throne
And Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me,
But in Bethlehem's home
Was there found no room
For Thy holy nativity:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Cam'st Thou, Lord, on earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest,
And the bird its nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod,
O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set Thy people free:
But, with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy Cross is my only plea.

5 When heaven's arches ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home,
Saying, 'Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!'
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, 1836–97.

68 Irr.

THERE came a little Child to earth
Long ago;
And the angels of God proclaimed His birth,
High and low.
Out on the night, so calm and still,
Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

2 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white,
In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On that still night.

3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born,
And, that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn,
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land;
And He leads, to where fountains of water flow,
That chosen band;
And for evermore, in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

EMILY ELIZABETH STEELE ELLIOTT, 1836–97.

69

87. 87. 77.

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle-shed,
Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall.
With the poor and mean and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern:
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

70

76. 76. D.

COME, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side;
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

Boys only.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

Girls only.

3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

All.

4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

71

76. 76. D.

I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because He loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;

And, if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forsake me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And, though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, 1833–1913.

72

88. 88. 88.

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despisèd Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
'Forgive, they know not what they do';
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
'Why seek the living with the dead?'

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802–62; based on ANNE RICHTER, *d.* 1857.

73

87. 87. D.

WHO is this, so weak and helpless,
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,
Rudely in a stable sheltered,
Coldly in a manger laid?
'Tis the Lord of all creation,
Who this wondrous path hath trod;
He is God from everlasting,
And to everlasting God.

2 Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who above the starry sky
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this? behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground!
Who is this, despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
Poureth on His Church below,
Now, in royal might victorious,
Triumphing o'er every foe.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
Pierced with nails, and crowned with thorns?
'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

74

D. C. M.

O SING a song of Bethlehem,
Of shepherds watching there,
And of the news that came to them
From angels in the air:
The light that shone on Bethlehem
Fills all the world to-day;
Of Jesus' birth and peace on earth
The angels sing alway.

2 O sing a song of Nazareth,
Of sunny days of joy;
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath,
And of the sinless Boy:

For now the flowers of Nazareth
In every heart may grow;
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name
On all the winds that blow.

3 O sing a song of Galilee,
Of lake and woods and hill,
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
And bade its waves be still:
For though, like waves on Galilee,
Dark seas of trouble roll,
When faith has heard the Master's word,
Falls peace upon the soul.

4 O sing a song of Calvary,
Its glory and dismay;
Of Him who hung upon the Tree,
And took our sins away:
For He who died on Calvary
Is risen from the grave,
And Christ, our Lord, by heaven adored,
Is mighty now to save.

LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, 1855–

75

88. 88. 88.

YE fair green hills of Galilee,
That girdle quiet Nazareth,
What glorious vision did ye see,
When He who conquered sin and death
Your flowery slopes and summits trod,
And grew in grace with man and God?

2 'We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
He wrought no sign; but meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man, and love to God.'

Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear;
Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

EUSTACE ROGERS CONDER, 1820–92.

76

66. 66. 88.

BEHOLD a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around His infant head.
But who is this, so lowly laid?
'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

3 Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo, Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in Him may rest,
And faithful toil through Him be blest.

4 Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys, with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

5 Christ, once Thyself a boy!
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That Thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

77

77. and refrain.

WHO is He, in yonder stall,
At whose feet the shepherds fall?
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous story!
'Tis the Lord, the King of Glory!
At His feet we humbly fall;
Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

2 Who is He, in yonder cot,
Bending to His toilsome lot?

3 Who is He, in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?

4 Who is He that stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?

5 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?

6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?

7 Who is He that from the grave
Comes to heal and help and save?

8 Who is He that on yon throne
Rules the world of light alone?

BENJAMIN RUSSELL HANBY, 1833–67.

78 L. M.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin;
Make straight the way for God within;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 Stretch forth Thine hand, to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more;
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

5 To Him who left the throne of heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

CHARLES COFFIN, 1676–1749; *tr.* by JOHN CHANDLER, 1806–76.

79 77. 77.

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild,
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled,—

2 Sunbeams scorching all the day,
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed,
Prowling beasts about Thy way,
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3 Shall we not Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

GEORGE HUNT SMYTTAN, 1822–70; and FRANCIS POTT, 1832–1909.

80 88. 86.

IT fell upon a summer day,
When Jesus walked in Galilee,
The mothers from a village brought
Their children to His knee.

2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
'Suffer these little ones to come
To Me,' He gently said.

3 'Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My Kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.'

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

5 Of innocence, and love, and trust,
Of quiet work, and simple word,
Of joy, and thoughtlessness of self,
Build up my life, good Lord.

6 All happy thoughts, and gentle ways,
And loving-kindness daily given,
And freedom through obedience gained,
Make in my heart Thy heaven.

7 O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

8 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
Love-giving, strong to heal.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1832–1916.

81

76. 76. D.

GOD, who hath made the daisies,
And every lovely thing,
He will accept our praises,
And hearken while we sing.
He says, though we are simple,
Though ignorant we be,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old;
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
He sees the heart's low breathings,
And says, well pleased to see,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And joyfully we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
'Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me.'

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD, 1820–85.

82

Irr.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then;
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'

2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And, if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

3 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

JEMIMA LUKE, 1813–1906.

83

88. 83.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapt in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

2 'Save, Lord, we perish,' was their cry,
'O save us in our agony!'
Thy word above the storm rose high,
'Peace, be still.'

3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank like a little child to sleep,
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
'Peace, be still.'

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

84

64. 64. D.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God,
'Peace! It is I.'

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
'Peace! It is I.'

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
'Peace! It is I.'

8th century;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

85

775. 775.

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet He turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear;
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep,
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

5 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

6 And, when in the fields and woods
We are filled with Nature's moods,
May the grace be given
With Thy faithful heart to say,
'All I see and feel to-day
Is my Father's heaven.'

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1832–1916.

86

D. C. M.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.
To Thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame;

2 And, lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath;

To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, 1821–91.

87

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove:
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with Thee.

EDWARD DENNY, 1796–1889.

88

D. L. M.

O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
The great old saints of other days,
Who once received, on Horeb's height,
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee and with Thy faithful three:
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last, best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
Watching the glistering raiment glow,
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
'This is My Son! O hear ye Him!'

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1815–81.

89

L. M.

O WONDROUS type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs, above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

3 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which, in joyful strains, we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

4 O Father, with the eternal Son
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy glory face to face.

15th century;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

90

C. M.

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
'Father, Thy will be done.'

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802–62.

91

76. 76. D.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring!
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

2 *All glory, etc.*
The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

3 *All glory, etc.*
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

4 *All glory, etc.*
To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

5 *All glory, etc.*
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

ST. THEODULPH OF ORLEANS, *c.* 821; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

92

L. M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna!' cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791–1868.

93

76. 76. D

HOSANNA, loud hosanna,
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The joyful anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

2 From Olivet they followed,
'Mid an exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And chanting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky,—
'Hosanna in the highest!
Glory to God on high!'

3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strowed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

4 'Hosanna in the highest!'
That ancient song we sing,
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
O may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice,
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice.

JENNETTE THRELFALL,
1821–80.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH

94

C. M.

WEEP not for Him who onward bears
His Cross to Calvary;
He does not ask man's pitying tears,
Who wills for man to die.

2 The awful sorrow of His face,
The bowing of His frame,
Come not from torture nor disgrace:
He fears not cross nor shame.

3 There is a deeper pang of grief,
An agony unknown,
In which His love finds no relief—
He bears it all alone.

4 He sees the souls for whom He dies
Yet clinging to their sin,
And heirs of mansions in the skies
Who will not enter in.

5 O may I in Thy sorrow share,
And mourn that sins of mine
Should ever wound with grief or care
That loving heart of Thine.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK,
1836–96.

95

11 10. 11 10.

MY Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring,
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load of woe:
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring;
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold Thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee,
While Thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame!

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness;
When I am wronged, how quickly I complain!

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O victim of Thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O fruitful agonies!
I pray Thee, Christ, before Thee humbly kneeling,
For ever keep Thy Cross before mine eyes.

JACQUES BRIDAINE, 1701–67;
tr. by THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK,
1836–96.

96

L. M.

O COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

6 O love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–63.

97

11 10. 11 10.

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.'

O WORD of pity, for our pardon pleading,
Breathed in the hour of loneliness and pain;
O voice, which, through the ages interceding,
Calls us to fellowship with God again.

2 O word of comfort, through the silence stealing,
As the dread act of sacrifice began;
O infinite compassion, still revealing
The infinite forgiveness won for man.

3 O word of hope, to raise us nearer heaven,
When courage fails us, and when faith is dim;
The souls for whom Christ prays to Christ are given,
To find their pardon and their joy in Him.

4 O Intercessor, who art ever living
To plead for dying souls that they may live,
Teach us to know our sin which needs forgiving,
Teach us to know the love which can forgive.

ADA RUNDALL GREENAWAY, 1861–

98

10 10. 10 10.

'Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'

'LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me!'
Thus spake the dying lips to dying ears.
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see
The promised glory of the far-off years!

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now;
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow;
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3 Hark! through the gloom the dying Saviour saith,
'Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day';
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those who live to pray!

4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I may see,
And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, 'Remember me.'

5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin ;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed them all away ;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win ;
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6 Remember me ; and, ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free,
And make Thy promise to my heart, 'To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me.'

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, 1826–1910.

99

887. D.

'Woman, behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother.'

AT the Cross, her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord ;
For her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 O, how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd
Of the sole-begotten One ;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

3 Who, on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep ?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

4 For His people's sins chastisèd,
She beheld her Son despisèd,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined ;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

5 Jesus, may her deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

13th century ; *tr.* by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78, and others.

100

77. 77. 77.

'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me ?'

THRONED upon the awful Tree,
King of grief, I watch with Thee.
Darkness veils Thine anguished face :
None its lines of woe can trace :
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold Thee silent and alone,—

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around Thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3 Hark, that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud !
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, His own anointed One,
Thou dost ask Him—can it be ?—
'Why hast Thou forsaken Me ?'

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That Thine own might ne'er be left,
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

101

'I thirst.'

88. 86.

HIS are the thousand sparkling rills
That from a thousand fountains burst,
And fill with music all the hills ;
And yet He saith, 'I thirst.'

2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry He yields
To anguish on the Cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men;
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

102

S. M.

'It is finished.'

O PERFECT life of love!
All, all is finished now,
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toils and sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me!
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

103

11 10. 11 10.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'

AND now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning
Into Thy Father's arms with conscious will,
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining,
The throbbing brow and labouring breast grow still.

2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending
Even to the last beneath our sorrows' load,
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending
Thy spirit to Thy Father and Thy God.

3 My Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,
When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;
At that dread eventide let there be light.

4 To Thy dear Cross turn Thou mine eyes in dying;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy breast;
Thine outstretched arms receive my latest sighing;
And then, O then, Thine everlasting rest!

ELIZA SIBBALD ALDERSON, 1818–89.

104

887. D.

BY the Cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder Tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessèd Sufferer's face.

2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made;
Brightens now the brow once shaded,
Freshens now the face once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling—
Life eternal, only here!

4 Here the living water welleth;
Here the Rock, now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given:
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the city,
This the very gate of heaven.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

105

C. M.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

106

L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See! from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

107

76. 76. D.

O SACRED Head, sore wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down!
O Kingly Head, surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown!
How pale art Thou with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!

2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine!
I read the wondrous story;
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and bitter passion
Were all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, heavenly Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever,
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near me, Lord, when dying;
O show Thy Cross to me;
And, for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free;

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Thee shall never move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely through Thy love.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76; *tr.* by JAMES WADDELL ALEXANDER, 1804–59.

108

87. 87. 87.

SING, my tongue, how glorious battle
Glorious victory became;
And above the Cross, His trophy,
Tell the triumph and the fame:
Tell how He, the earth's Redeemer,
By His death for man o'ercame.

2 Thirty years fulfilled among us—
Perfect life in low estate—
Born for this, and self-surrendered,
To His passion dedicate,
On the Cross the Lamb is lifted,
For His people immolate.

3 His the nails, the spear, the spitting,
Reed and vinegar and gall;
From His patient body pierced
Blood and water streaming fall:
Earth and sea and stars and mankind
By that stream are cleansed all.

4 Faithful Cross, above all other,
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit compares with thee:
Sweet the wood and sweet the iron,
And thy Load how sweet is He.

5 Unto God be laud and honour:
To the Father, to the Son,
To the mighty Spirit, glory—
Ever Three and ever One:
Power and glory in the highest
While eternal ages run. Amen.

VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTIANUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *tr.* by WILLIAM MAIR, 1830–1920; and ARTHUR WELLESLEY WOTHERSPOON, 1853– ; and *v.* 4 JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

109

L. M.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is love';
He bears our sins upon the Tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854.

110

88. 88. 88.

AND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused His pain—
For me, who Him to death pursued?
Amazing love! how can it be
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! The Immortal dies:
Who can explore His strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left His Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite His grace—
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,—
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ my own.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

111

86. 886.

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man
Find rest, except in Thee?
Thine was the warfare with his foe,
The Cross of pain, the cup of woe,
And Thine the victory.

2 How came the everlasting Son,
The Lord of Life, to die?
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's power?
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,
Endure such agony?

3 To save us by Thy precious blood,
To make us one in Thee,
That ours might be Thy perfect life,
Thy thorny crown, Thy Cross, Thy strife,
And ours the victory.

4 O make us worthy, gracious Lord,
Of all Thy love to be;
To Thy blest will our wills incline,
That unto death we may be Thine,
And ever live in Thee.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH MAY, 1808–73.

112

77. 77. 77.

DARK the day on Calvary's Cross
Where in pain Thou diedst for me,
Choosing bitterness and loss,
From my sins to set me free.
Help me, every passing hour,
By Love's power
To live for Thee.

2 Faith and Hope through fear did fail—
Heaven's high stars they could not see;
Yet even Death could not prevail,
Sealing Thy captivity:
Thou didst leave its darksome place:
Give me grace
To live in Thee.

3 Often we have weary feet,
Many a heavy cross have we;
Yet Thy sacrifice complete
Gives us faith that Thine we be:
Through the dark day's dragging length
Give me strength
To live to Thee.

4 Saviour, who didst win Love's crown,
Just to pass it on to me,
Help me, those in sin bowed down
To uplift and bring to Thee,
That together we may climb
Up through Time
To live with Thee.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, 1867–

113

87. 87.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of Time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of Time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING, 1792–1872.

114

888.

BY Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him who all our suffering bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

5 So, when the dayspring from on high
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

ISAAC GREGORY SMITH, 1826–1920.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

HIS RESURRECTION

115

11 11. 11 11. and refrain.

'WELCOME, happy morning!'
—age to age shall say:
'Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.'
Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore:
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore.
'Welcome, happy morning!'—age to age shall say.

2 Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts return with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now.

3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show.
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain:
All that now is fallen raise to life again:
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see:
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee.

VENANTIUS HONORIUS CLEMENTIANUS FORTUNATUS, *c.* 530–609; *tr.* by JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

116

C. M.

BLEST morning, whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode!

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord, in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 To Thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heaven and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

117 66. 66. and refrain.

ON wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright,
And rolled the stone away.
Your voices raise
With one accord,
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

4 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise;
See how the Daystar bright
Is burning in the skies!

5 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day.

6 We sing Thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever Thine,
And Thou art ever ours.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

118 77. 77. D.

'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.
Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

3 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the Cross, the grave, the skies.
Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

119 77. 77. and Hallelujahs.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Hallelujah!
Our triumphant holy day,
Hallelujah!
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Hallelujah!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praise, then, let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

3 But the anguish He endured
Our salvation hath procured;
Now above the sky He 's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Lyra Davidica, 1708.

120 S. M.

'THE Lord is risen indeed';
Now is His work performed;
Now is the mighty Captive freed,
And Death's strong castle stormed.

2 'The Lord is risen indeed':
The grave has lost his prey;
With Him is risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 'The Lord is risen indeed';
He lives, to die no more;
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame He bore.

4 Then, angels, tune your lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord!

THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854.

121

78. 78. and Hallelujah.

JESUS lives! thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us. *Hallelujah!*

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Part us from His keeping ever.

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT, 1715–69; *tr.* by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812–97.

122

888. and Alleluias.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
Now be the song of praise begun,—
'Alleluia!'

2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,—
'Alleluia!'

3 The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise His triumph tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee,
'Alleluia!'

Tr. by FRANCIS POTT, 1832–1909.

123

76. 76. D.

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail!' and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

ST. JOHN OF DAMASCUS, 8th century; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

124

888. and Alleluias.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

O SONS and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia!

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord doth go to Galilee.'

4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
He doubted if it were their Lord,
Until He came and spake the word:

6 'My piercèd side, O Thomas, see;
Behold My hands, My feet,' said He,
'Not faithless, but believing be.'

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.

9 On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.

JEAN TISSERAND, ? –1494; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

125

11 11. 12 11 11.

OUR Lord Christ hath risen!
The tempter is foiled;
His legions are scattered,
His strongholds are spoiled.
O sing Hallelujah! O sing Hallelujah!
O sing Hallelujah! Be joyful and sing,
Our great foe is baffled—Christ Jesus is King!

2 O death, we defy thee!
A stronger than thou
Hath entered thy palace;
We fear thee not now!
O sing Hallelujah! O sing Hallelujah!
O sing Hallelujah! Be joyful and sing,
Death cannot affright us—Christ Jesus is King!

3 O sin, thou art vanquished,
Thy long reign is o'er;
Though still thou dost vex us,
We dread thee no more.
O sing Hallelujah! O sing Hallelujah!
O sing Hallelujah! Be joyful and sing,
Who now can condemn us? Christ Jesus is King!

4 Our Lord Christ hath risen!
Day breaketh at last;
The long night of weeping
Is now well-nigh past.
O sing Hallelujah! O sing Hallelujah!
O sing Hallelujah! Be joyful and sing,
Our foes are all conquered—Christ Jesus is King!

WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET, 1828–97.

126

87. 87. D.

HALLELUJAH! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He who on the Cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

3 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity:
Hallelujah! hallelujah
To the Triune Majesty!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–85.

127

65. 65. D.

JESUS, Lord, Redeemer,
Once for sinners slain,
Crucified in weakness,
Raised in power, to reign,
Dwelling with the Father,
Endless in Thy days,
Unto Thee be glory,
Honour, blessing, praise.

2 Faithful ones, communing,
Towards the close of day,
Desolate and weary,
Met Thee in the way.
So, when sun is setting,
Come to us, and show
All the truth; and in us
Make our hearts to glow.

3 In the upper chamber,
Where the ten, in fear,
Gathered sad and troubled,
There Thou didst appear.
So, O Lord, this evening,
Bid our sorrows cease;
Breathing on us, Saviour,
Say, 'I give you peace.'

PATRICK MILLER KIRKLAND, 1857–

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION

128

D. L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of Glory in!
Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
'Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way!'
Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints, and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

129

77. 77. D.

HE is gone—beyond the skies!
A cloud receives Him from our eyes:
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,
Through the veils of time and space
Passed into the holiest place,—
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

2 He is gone: and we remain
In this world of sin and pain;
In the void which He has left
On this earth, of Him bereft,
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue,
Seek Him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves His image show.

3 He is gone: we heard Him say,
'Good that I should go away.'
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone His present grace;
Though Himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be:
No! His Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone: but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth He went and came:
In the many mansions there
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1815–81.

130 C. M.

THE golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of Glory is gone in
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be.
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

131 C. M.

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light,

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given,
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The Cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him,
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854.

132 887. 887.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,
In power and might excelling;
The grave and hell are captive led,
Lo! He returns, our glorious Head,
To His eternal dwelling.

2 The heavens with joy receive their Lord,
By saints, by angel hosts adored;
O day of exultation!
O earth, adore thy glorious King!
His rising, His ascension sing
With grateful adoration!

3 Our great High Priest hath gone before,
Now on His Church His grace to pour,
And still His love He giveth:
O may our hearts to Him ascend;
May all within us upward tend
To Him who ever liveth!

ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL, 1806–74.

133 65. 65. D. and refrain.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.
Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
'All His work is ended,'
Joyfully we sing:
'Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!'

2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.

3 Praying for His children,
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

134

87. 87. 87.

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854.

135

66. 66. 88.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

3 His Kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, 'Rejoice.'

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home;
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, 'Rejoice.'

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

136

D. S. M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne:
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save.
His glories now we sing
Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives that death may die.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise.

His reign shall know no end ;
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of love ;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800–94 ; and GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

137 *From 1 St. Peter* i. 3–5. C. M.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord !
Be His abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored !

2 When from the dead He raised His Son,
And called Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies.

4 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come :
We walk by faith as strangers here :
But Christ shall call us home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748, and WILLIAM CAMERON, 1751–1811, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

138 87. 87. D.

ALLELUIA ! sing to Jesus !
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood :
'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

2 Alleluia ! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia ! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how.
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore' ?

3 Alleluia ! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;
Alleluia ! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day.
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !
His the sceptre, His the throne ;
Alleluia ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood :
'Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by His blood.'

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837–98.

139 C. M.

ALL hail, the power of Jesus' Name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call ;
Extol Him in whose path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every tongue and every tribe,
Responsive to the call,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726–92.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST

HIS SYMPATHY AND INTERCESSION

140 *From Heb.* iv. 14–16. L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

141 C. M.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

2 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away:
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

4 And not for signs in heaven above,
Or earth below, they look
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

5 In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence;
His witness is within.

6 And, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

7 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

142 L. M.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5 We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

7 But vaster: we are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear:
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809–92.

143

L. M.

O LOVE Divine! that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.'

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809–94.

144

10 10. 10 6.

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?

2 O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough,
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!—

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in;

4 By Thy last silence in the judgment hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly Tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

JEAN INGELOW, 1820–97.

145

87. 87. 77.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.

2 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

3 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love:
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

146

11 10. 11 10.

O SON of Man, our Hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to Thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrows, all our mirth.

2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth;

3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King;
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To Thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

4 Not in our failures only and our sadness
We seek Thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man's Guest, be with us in our gladness,
O poor man's Mate, our lowliest tasks attend.

FRANK FLETCHER, 1870–

147

66 10. 66 10.

THOU who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessèd labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That, where Thou art, there they may also be.

3 O Thou who art our life,
Be with us through the strife:
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.

4 And O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

SARAH ELIZABETH MILES, 1807–77.

148

C. M.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

JANE CREWDSON, 1809–63.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
HIS COMING IN POWER

149

88. 88. and refrain.

O COME, O come, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

2 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might,
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud and majesty and awe.

3 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

4 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

5 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

12th century;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

150 87. 87.

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art,
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

151 *From Psalms* lxxxv, lxxxii, lxxxvi. D. C. M.

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

2 Surely to such as do Him fear
Salvation is at hand!
And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land.
Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

3 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy Name.
For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done:
Thou in Thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

JOHN MILTON, 1608–74.

152 66. 66.

THY Kingdom come, O God:
Thy rule, O Christ, begin;
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

2 Where is Thy reign of peace
And purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet;
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

LEWIS HENSLEY, 1824–1905.

153 C. M.

'THY Kingdom come!'—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that Kingdom's day.

2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned with might,
And every hurt be healed:

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840–

154 *From Psalm* lxxii. 76. 76. D.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong,
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end.
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

155 Irr.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

2 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

3 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.

4 He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is wisdom to the mighty; He is succour to the brave;
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of time His slave:
Our God is marching on!

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1819–1910, and others.

156 S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch: 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51.

157

87. 887. 77. 77.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say.
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with glad accord,—
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

158

86. 85. and refrain.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His Kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

WILLIAM ORCUTT CUSHING, 1823–1903.

159

77. 75.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

160

87. 87. 47.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

JOHN CENNICK, 1718–55;
CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88;
MARTIN MADAN, 1726–90.

161

L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832.

162

898. 898. 664. 88.

'WAKE, awake! for night is flying,'
The watchmen on the heights are crying,
'Awake, Jerusalem, at last!'
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
'Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes; awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.'

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1556–1608; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

163

87. 87. 87.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee:
But, in heavenly vestures shining,
They their loving Lord shall see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessèd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
'Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!'

JOHN ROSS MACDUFF, 1818–95.

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST
HIS PRAISE

164

87. 87. 87.

TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

4 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Therefore we, in love adoring,
This most blessèd Name revere,
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there.

15th century; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

165

66. 66. 88.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,—
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing:
Thine is the power: behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

166

C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

7 Glory to God, and praise, and love
Be ever, ever given
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

167

666. 666.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

3 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

4 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

5 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

168

10 10. 11 11.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name;
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,

All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

169

10. 10. 10 10. Dactylic.

BLESSING and honour and glory and power,
Wisdom and riches and strength evermore
Give ye to Him who our battle hath won,
Whose are the Kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Into the heaven of the heavens hath He gone;
Sitteth He now in the joy of the throne;
Weareth He now of the Kingdom the crown;
Singeth He now the new song with His own.

3 Soundeth the heaven of the heavens with His Name;
Ringeth the earth with His glory and fame;
Ocean and mountain, stream, forest, and flower
Echo His praises and tell of His power.

4 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy;
Ever descendeth the love from on high;
Blessing and honour and glory and praise,—
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb;
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm;
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

170

77. 77.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and Cross, and shame.

2 When He came, the angels sung
'Glory be to God on high!'
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue:
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room,—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No! I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For, should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend—
Every precious name in one—
I will love Thee without end.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

171

11 6. 11 6.

LIGHT of the world! for ever, ever shining,
There is no change in Thee;
True Light of Life, all joy and health enshrining,
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

2 Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue,—
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

4 Light of the world, undimming and unsetting!
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging Day.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

172

88. 88. 88.

O LIGHT, whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray:
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear.
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease,
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow;
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath,
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, 1821–91.

173

C. M.

THOU art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1799–1859.

174

54. 54. D.

REST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad,
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

2 Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead,
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend!

3 When my feet stumble,
I to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise,—
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811–75.

175 C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For He was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

176 76. 76. D.

O JESUS, ever present,
O Shepherd, ever kind,
Thy very Name is music
To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke our wondering childhood
To muse on things above;
It drew our harder manhood
With cords of mighty love.

2 How oft to sure destruction
Our feet had gone astray,
Hadst Thou not, patient Shepherd,
Been Guardian of our way.
How oft, in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised us,
And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good! we follow
Wherever Thou wilt lead:
No matter where the pasture,
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make us bold:
O bring our ransómed spirits
To Thine eternal fold.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1825–97.

177 66. 66. D.

COME, children, join to sing—
Hallelujah! Amen!—
Loud praise to Christ our King;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all, with heart and voice,
Before His throne rejoice;
Praise is His gracious choice:
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let praises fill the sky;
Hallelujah! Amen!
He is our Guide and Friend;
To us He'll condescend;
His love shall never end:
Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again;
Hallelujah! Amen!
Life shall not end the strain;
Hallelujah! Amen!
On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore,
Singing for evermore,
'Hallelujah! Amen!'

CHRISTIAN HENRY BATEMAN, 1813–89.

178 65. 65. D.

IN the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of Glory now;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

2 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed.

3 Name Him, brothers, name Him
With love strong as death,
But with awe and wonder
And with bated breath!
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

CAROLINE MARIA NOEL, 1817–77.

179

76. 76. D.

CHRIST is the world's Redeemer,
The lover of the pure,
The fount of heavenly wisdom,
Our trust and hope secure;
The armour of His soldiers,
The Lord of earth and sky;
Our health while we are living,
Our life when we shall die.

2 Christ hath our host surrounded
With clouds of martyrs bright,
Who wave their palms in triumph,
And fire us for the fight.
Christ the red Cross ascended
To save a world undone,
And, suffering for the sinful,
Our full redemption won.

3 Down in the realm of darkness
He lay a captive bound,
But at the hour appointed
He rose, a victor crowned;
And now, to heaven ascended,
He sits upon the throne,
In glorious dominion,
His Father's and His own.

4 All glory to the Father,
The unbegotten One;
All honour be to Jesus,
His sole-begotten Son;
And to the Holy Spirit—
The Perfect Trinity.
Let all the worlds give answer,
'Amen—so let it be.'

ST. COLUMBA, 521–97; *tr.* by DUNCAN MACGREGOR, 1854–1923.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

180

86. 84.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

HARRIET AUBER, 1773–1862.

181

C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But, when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,

5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

6 It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

7 Come, Lord; come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

182

L. M.

COME, Hŏly Ghŏst, our sŏuls inspire
And lighten with celĕstial fire;
Thou thĕ anŏinting Spĭrit art,
Who dost Thy sĕvenfold gĭfts impart.

2 Thy blĕscĕd ŭnction frŏm above
Is comfort, life, and fĭre of love;
Enăble with perpĕtual light
The dulness ŏf our blĭnded sight;

3 Anŏint and cheĕr our sŏilĕd face
With the abŭndance ŏf Thy grace;
Keep făr our fŏes; give pĕace at home:
Where Thou art Gŭide no ĭll can come.

4 Teach ŭs to knŏw the Fāther, Son,
And Thee of Bŏth, to bĕ but One,
That thrŏugh the ăges ăll along
This may bĕ our ĕndless song,
'Praĭse to Thĭne eternal merit,
Fāther, Sŏn, and Hŏly Spĭrit.'
Ămen.

9th century; *tr.* by JOHN COSIN, 1594–1672.

183

C. M.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire: and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dew: and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove: and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

6 Come as the wind, with rushing sound
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of woman born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers;
O come, great Spirit, come!

ANDREW REED, 1787–1862.

184

88. 88. 88.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Thou Strength of His almighty hand
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

9th century; *tr.* by JOHN DRYDEN, 1631–1700.

185

L. M.

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

2 Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

3 Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and keep us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine;

4 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

186

777.

COME, Thou Holy Paraclete,
And from Thy celestial seat
Send Thy light and brilliancy.

2 Father of the poor, draw near;
Giver of all gifts, be here;
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

3 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,
Come in toil refreshingly.

4 Thou in labour rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.

5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company.

6 Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

7 What is soilèd make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work its cure;
What is parchèd fructify;

8 What is rigid gently bend;
What is frozen warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.

9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold mystery.

10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

13th century; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

187

77. 77. 77.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would gracious be;
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And, with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ, my Saviour, speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
In temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me!
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1818–71.

188

L. M.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way;
Nor let us from His pastures stray:
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.
Amen.

SIMON BROWNE, 1680–1732.

189

65. 65.

HOLY Spirit, hear us;
Help us while we sing;
Breathe into the music
Of the praise we bring.

2 Holy Spirit, prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come, and teach us
What we ought to say.

3 Holy Spirit, shine Thou
On the book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

4 Holy Spirit, give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure, and kind.

5 Holy Spirit, brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

6 Holy Spirit, help us
Daily, by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

WILLIAM HENRY PARKER, 1845–

190

S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Cheer our desponding hearts,
Thou heavenly Paraclete;
Give us to lie with humble hope
At our Redeemer's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

5 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

6 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

JOSEPH HART, 1712–68.

191

66. 11. D.

COME down, O Love Divine,
Seek Thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with Thine own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes, in its heat consuming;
And let Thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.

BIANCO DA SIENA, ?–1434; *tr.* by RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE, 1833–90.

192

88. 88. 88.

SPIRIT of Grace, Thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead!
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife,
The patient pilgrim still is led;
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
Wildered and dark, to Thee I come!

2 Pure Fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free!
Live Thou in me, O Life divine,
Until my deepest love be Thine.

3 O Breath from far Eternity,
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amidst the desert sand;
And where Thy living water flows,
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697–1769; *tr.* by EMMA FRANCES BEVAN, 1827–1909, and BENJAMIN HALL KENNEDY, 1804–89.

193

77. 77.

HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
'Spring, O Well, for ever spring!'

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–92.

194

S. M.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH, 1835–89.

195

10. 10. 10. 10.

SPIRIT of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies,
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid me love Thee, God and King—
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind?
I see Thy Cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find!

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame—
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY, 1780–1860.

196

C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove,
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God through Himself we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine,
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

197

C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

198

76. 76. D.

O WORD of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky,
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine;
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word;

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon,
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That, o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old;
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

199

66. 66. Trochaic.

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

200

86. 84.

TO Thee, O God, we render thanks,
That Thou to us hast given
A light that shineth on our path,
A light from heaven:

2 That Thou into the hearts of men
Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,
And mad'st their lips the source from whence
Flowed words of Thine:

3 The words that speak of lives that live,
And life beyond the grave,
Of Him who came that life to give,
Those lives to save:

4 Of Him who lowly came as man,
To come as man again
On clouds of glory throned on high,
As Judge of men:

5 Who lived on earth, on earth who died,
To set His servants free,
And left this message as their guide,
'Remember Me.'

6 Then teach us humbly so to tread
The path that Saviour trod,
That we may ever stand prepared
To meet our God.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

201

C. M.

LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveller's way;

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son,—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant that we aright may learn
The wisdom it imparts,
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

BERNARD BARTON, 1784–1849.

202

10 10. 10 10.

BREAK Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirits pants for Thee,
O living Word.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My all in all.

MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY, 1841–1913.

203

78. 78. 88.

LOOK upon us, blessèd Lord,
Take our wandering thoughts and guide us:
We have come to hear Thy word:
With Thy teaching now provide us,
That, from earth's distractions turning,
We Thy message may be learning.

2 For Thy Spirit's radiance bright
We, assembled here, are hoping:
If Thou shouldst withhold the light,
In the dark our souls were groping:
In word, deed, and thought direct us:
Thou, none other, canst correct us.

3 Brightness of the Father's face,
Light of Light, from God proceeding,
Make us ready in this place:
Ear and heart await Thy leading.
In our study, prayers, and praising,
May our souls find their upraising.

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1619–84; *tr.* by ROBERT ALEXANDER STEWART MACALISTER, 1870–

204

77. 77. 77.

HOLY Father, Thou hast given
Holy truth from highest heaven;
Words of counsel wise and pure,
Words of promise bright and sure;
Light that guides us back to Thee,
Back to peace and purity.

2 Clearer than the sun at noon,
Fairer than the silver moon,
Through the clouds and through the night
Shineth aye this heavenly light;
Help us, Lord, to lift our eyes,
Take its guidance, and be wise.

3 Here the wisdom from above,
Beaming holiness and love,
Stirring hope, dispelling fear,
Shines to save; for Christ is here:
Knowing, trusting Him, we come
From our wanderings gladly home.

4 Blessèd Saviour, Light Divine,
Thou hast bid us rise and shine;
Grant Thy grace, and we shall be
Children of the day in Thee,
Showing all around the road
Back to life, and love, and God.

WILLIAM BRUCE, 1812–82.

THE CHURCH

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

205

76. 76. D.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord:
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth:
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore,
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won.
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE,
1839–1900.

206

87. 87. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See! the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

207

87. 87. 87.

CHRIST is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

3 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

4 Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

Latin, 7th or 8th century ; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

208

77. 76.

JESUS, with Thy Church abide ;
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

2 Keep her life and doctrine pure ;
Grant her patience to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 All her fettered powers release ;
Bid our strife and envy cease ;
Grant the heavenly gift of peace :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May her lamp of truth be bright ;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 May she thus all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure and bright, and worthy Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836–96.

209

C. M.

CITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent ;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown,
Of freedom, love and truth !

4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands :
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1822–82.

210 *From Psalm* cxxxvii.

S. M.

I LOVE Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God :
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752–1817.

211

87. 87. 887.

WE come unto our fathers' God ;
Their Rock is our Salvation ;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation ;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought ;
We seek Thee as Thy saints have sought
In every generation.

2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us ;
The heavenly shield around them spread
Is still high holden o'er us ;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
Their song to us descendeth ;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth ;
His song in them, in us, is one ;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavour ;
Unbroken be the golden chain ;
Keep on the song for ever ;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819–1906.

212

Anapaestic irr.

FOR the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God ;
Thou hast kept Thy pilgrim people by the strength of Thy staff and rod ;
Thou hast called us to the journey which faithless feet ne'er trod ;
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

2 For the love of Christ constraining, that bound their hearts as one ;
For the faith in truth and freedom in which their work was done ;
For the peace of God's evangel wherewith their feet were shod ;
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

3 We are watchers of a beacon whose light must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar that shows Thee ever nigh ;
We are children of Thy freemen who sleep beneath the sod ;
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

4 May the shadow of Thy presence around our camp be spread ;
Baptize us with the courage Thou gavest to our dead ;
O keep us in the pathway their saintly feet have trod ;
For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee, our God, our fathers' God.

CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE, 1865–1914.

213

88. 84.

FATHER of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'

2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God, in Thee
May we be one.

3 Join high with low, join young with old,
In love that never waxes cold ;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

4 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
We shall awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one.'

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–85.

214

87. 87.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

2 Clear before us, through the darkness,
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night;

3 One the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires;

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN, 1789–1862; *tr.* by SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924.

215

76. 76. D.

THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;
Our fathers owned Thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

3 Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely
To guard the nation's life.
Their Gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

4 Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave Thy work undone;
With Thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and angels,
Thy Name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE, 1821–91.

216

11 11. 11 5.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth;
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaileth;
Grant us Thy peace, Lord,

4 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven;
Grant them Thy truth that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

PHILIP PUSEY, 1799–1855; based on MATTHÄUS APELLES VON LÖWENSTERN, 1594–1648.

217

887. 887. D.

FEAR not, thou faithful Christian flock;
God is thy shelter and thy rock;
Fear not for thy salvation.
Though fierce the foe and dark the night,
The Lord of hosts shall be thy might,
Christ thine illumination.
Arise! Arise! thy foe defy!
Call on the Name of God most high,
With heavenly succour arm you!
'Gainst world and flesh and powers of hell,
Now for His honour quit you well.
Lo! there is nought can harm you.

2 From drear oblivion's shades ye came,
Through idol shrines of earthly shame,
From brutish terror savèd.
Ye, who the chains of tyrants broke,
Ye, who cast off the priestly yoke,
Ye shall not be enslavèd.
Arise! Arise! the foe defy!
Call on the Name of God most high,
That He with might endue you:
And Christ, your everlasting Priest,
In all your conflicts shall assist,
From strength to strength renew you.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 72, 1899; based on JOHANN MICHAEL ALTENBURG, 1584–1640.

218

88. 84.

FOR those we love within the veil,
Who once were comrades of our way,
We thank Thee, Lord: for they have won
To cloudless day:

2 And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's strait race;
And where no shadows intervene
They see Thy face.

3 Not as we knew them any more,
Toilworn, and sad with burdened care,—
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy Name they bear.

4 Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now Thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy
They serve Thee still.

5 O fuller, sweeter is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air:
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there;

6 Nor know to what high purpose Thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at Thy behest they touch
This life of ours.

7 There are no tears within their eyes;
With love they keep perpetual tryst;
And praise and work and rest are one,
With Thee, O Christ.

WILLIAM CHARTER PIGGOTT, 1872–

219

88. 88. 88.

THE saints of God! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword;
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

2 The saints of God! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints, for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints, for ever blest
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end,
That with all saints our rest may be,
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

WILLIAM DALRYMPLE MACLAGAN, 1826–1910.

220

10 10. 10 4.

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Hallelujah!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Hallelujah!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Hallelujah!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah!

7 But, lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Hallelujah!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
'Hallelujah!'

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

221

76. 86. D.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

HENRY ALFORD, 1810–71.

222

87. 87. 77.

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing:
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 Who are these, of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve Him still:
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

HEINRICH THEOBALD SCHENCK, 1656–1727; *tr.* by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812–97.

223

From Rev. vii. 13–17. D. C. M.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they, from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748, and WILLIAM CAMERON (?), 1751–1811, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

224

10. 10. 10. 10. Dactylic.

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant; to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?

Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
'Vision of peace,' that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Zion shall sing;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and through whom, the Son;
In whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

PIERRE ABELARD, 1079–1142; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

225

L. M.

HE wants not friends that hath Thy love,
And may converse and walk with Thee,
And with Thy saints here and above,
With whom for ever I must be.

In the communion of the saints
Is wisdom, safety and delight;
And, when my heart declines and faints,
It 's raisèd by their heat and light!

As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of Thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

4 Still we are centred all in Thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and spirit led.

5 Before Thy throne we daily meet,
As joint-petitioners to Thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.

6 The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And Thou, my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from Thy love?

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615–91.

226

2. 88. 88. 8.

O BLEST
Communion with the saints at rest!
O joy excelling this world's best!
All undistressed
In light they dwell!
Close is the bond that binds us here:
'Twill grow more dear
Than tongue can tell.

2 Our Lord,
From out His sacred wounds hath poured
Rich blessings from His bounteous hoard.
He doth afford
Us from above
Refreshing streams our souls to guide
To His full tide
Of boundless love.

3 Delight
Hath dawned on those gone from earth's night:
Death was to them but life and light:
In pastures bright
Serene they rest,
Around the Lamb who once was slain,
Untouched by pain,
For ever blest.

JOHN ROBERTS, 1731–1806; *tr.* by EVELINE MARTHA LEWIS, 1871–

227

C. M.

LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

4 Even now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest,
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

5 Jesus, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

WORSHIP

THE SANCTUARY

228 *From Psalm* cxvii. 88. 88. and Hallelujahs.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Hallelujah!
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, in every tongue.
Hallelujah!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Hallelujah!
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Hallelujah!

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

229 *From Psalm* c. L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE, *c.* 1593, as in *Scottish Psalter*, 1650.

230 *From Psalm* c. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748, and JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

231

From Psalms c, xxiii, *&c.*
87. 87. 66. 667.

ALL lands and peoples, all the earth,
Put off the night of sadness ;
Make cheer and music and high mirth,
And praise the Lord with gladness !
Serve Him with joyful heart,
All kingdoms do their part,
And let immortal song
Before His presence throng,
For ever and for ever !

2 O surely He is God alone,
The earth is mute before Him :
And He is ours, and we His own,
His people who adore Him.
We are His flock ; our feet
Walk in His pastures sweet ;
And, by cool brooks, the sleep
Is soft He gives His sheep,
For ever and for ever !

3 O enter then His temple courts
With trumpet-tongued thanksgiving :
Praise Him in dances and in sports,
Our Lord, the ever-living !
With incense to the skies
Our thankfulness arise ;
His glory wide proclaim,
Speak good of His great Name,
For ever and for ever !

4 For gracious is the Lord our God :
He hears our dull complaining ;
His mercy has a sure abode
And everlasting reigning ;
And times and times roll by,
And nations fade and die ;
But God's majestic truth
Leads on an eager youth,
For ever and for ever.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE,
1832–1916.

232

12 10. 12 10.

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness ;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him ; the Lord is His Name !

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness ;
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts, in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine ;
Truth in its beauty and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ;
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim ;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore Him ; the Lord is His Name !

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL,
1811–75.

233

S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?

3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

4 God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours ;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name
Henceforth for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

234 668. 668. 33. 66.

GOD reveals His presence:
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him.
God is in His temple:
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence:
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding;
Holy, holy, holy!
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending.
Bow Thine ear
To us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May I ceaselessly adore Thee.
Let Thy will
Ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697–1769; *tr.* by FREDERICK WILLIAM FOSTER, 1760–1835; JOHN MILLER, 1756–90; WILLIAM MERCER, 1811–73.

235 *From Psalm* lxxxiv. 77. 77. D.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

236 66. 66.

WE love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there,
Thy chosen flock to greet.

3 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O we long to know
The triumph song of heaven!

5 Lord Jesus, give us grace,
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, 1798–1874, and HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

237 76. 76. D. and refrain.

AGAIN the morn of gladness,
The morn of light, is here,
And earth itself looks fairer,
And heaven itself more near:
The bells, like angel voices,
Speak peace to every breast;
And all the land lies quiet,
To keep the day of rest.
'Glory be to Jesus!'
Let all His children say;
'He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!'

2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to seek Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open,
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.

4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray;
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same pure offering,
And sings the same sweet psalms.

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His Name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim,
Till all whom He redeemèd
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing.
'Glory be to Jesus!'
Let all creation say;
'He rose again, He rose again,
On this glad day!'

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

238 77. 77.

LORD, this day Thy children meet
In Thy courts with willing feet;
Unto Thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day,
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
Little children Thou dost love;
Draw our hearts to Thee above.

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine;
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

239 *From Psalm* cxxii. L. M.

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallowed courts
Where two or three for worship meet,
For thither Christ Himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessèd throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound;
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
May peace and concord ever be.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

240

77. 75.

GOD of pity, God of grace,
When we humbly seek Thy face,
Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;
Hear, forgive, and save.

2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,
Look from heaven and save.

3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill,
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And, whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save.

ELIZA FANNY MORRIS, 1821–74.

241

L. M.

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me.'

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blest.

5 With Thee and these for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

242

C. M.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayst be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

243

10. 10. 10. 10.

FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence before Thy feet;
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing Thy praise.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft our feet from Thee, our Father, rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!

LUCY ELIZABETH GEORGINA WHITMORE, 1792–1840.

244

87. 87.

O BE with us, gracious Father,
While before Thy feet we bow;
Let the angel of Thy presence
Hover o'er Thy temple now.

2 Here are hearts that Thou canst soften,
Earthly dross to purge away;
Darkened minds, on which Thy Spirit
Yet may pour celestial day.

3 From the world's entrancing vision,
From the spirit's sullen night,
From the tempter's dark dominion,
Free us, by Thy saving might.

4 Let Thy spirit's glad communion
Waken thoughts of peace and love,
And prepare us for Thy presence
In the nobler courts above,

5 There to join in perfect worship,
There to swell the angels' song,
And in higher, sweeter measure,
Earth's imperfect praise prolong.

ALFRED ROOKER, 1814–75.

245

86. 886.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

246

C. M.

DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

247

L. M.

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near,
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

248

65. 65.

JESUS, stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Let this time of worship
Be a hallowed hour.

2 Breathe the Holy Spirit
Into every heart;
Bid the fears and sorrows
From each soul depart.

3 Thus with quickened footsteps
We pursue our way,
Watching for the dawning
Of eternal day.

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, 1816–73.

249

S. M.

LIGHT of the anxious heart,
Jesus, Thou dost appear,
To bid the gloom of guilt depart,
And shed Thy sweetness here.

2 Joyous is he with whom,
God's Word, Thou dost abide,
Sweet Light of our eternal home,
To fleshly sense denied.

3 Brightness of God above,
Unfathomable grace,
Thy presence be a fount of love
Within Thy chosen place.

Attributed to ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *tr.* by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801–90.

250

84. 86. D.

ENTER Thy courts, Thou Word of life,
My joy and peace;
Let the glad sound therein be heard,
Bid plaintive sadness cease.
Comfort my heart, Thou Truth most fair;
O enter in,
Chasing despair and earthborn care,
My woe and slothful sin.

2 Glad was the time when I would sing
Thy heavenly praise;
Happy my heart when Thou wert nigh,
Directing all my ways.
O let Thy light, Thy joy again
Return to me;
Nor in disdain from me refrain,
Who lift my soul to Thee.

3 In heaven and earth Thy law endures,
Thy word abides:
My troubled flesh trembleth in awe,
My heart in terror hides.
Yet still on Thee my hope is set;
On Thee, O Lord,
I will await and not forget
The promise of Thy word.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 98, 1899.

251

66. 66. 88.

HUSHED was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark,
When suddenly a voice Divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word,—
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night,—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823–64.

252

85. 85. 84. 3.

ANGEL voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light,
Angel harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might.

2 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

3 In Thy house, great God, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

4 Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity.
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

FRANCIS POTT, 1832–1909.

253 *Laying foundation-stone of a Church.* L. M.

THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay;
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:
Thine eye be open, night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive!

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd Gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 'Hosanna!' to their heavenly King
When children's voices raise that song,
'Hosanna!' let their angels sing,
And heaven, with earth, the strain prolong.

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy Kingdom come to every heart:
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

254 *Dedication of a Church.* L. M.

ALL things are Thine; no gift have we,
Lord of all gifts, to offer Thee:
And hence with grateful hearts to-day,
Thine own before Thy feet we lay.

2 Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise eternal purpose ran.

3 In weakness and in want we call
On Thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is Thy children's good,
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

4 O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to Thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

255

75. 75. 75. 75. 88.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the Name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

MORNING

256

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir!
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711.

257

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711.

258

L. M.

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day :

2 Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife,
From anger's din would hide our life,
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
Would close our ears from vanities :

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure,
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His Name for victory gained.

8th century ; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

259

L. M.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray,—
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky ;

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

7 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :
The secret this of rest below.

8 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

260 C. M.

NOW that the daystar glimmers bright,
We suppliantly pray
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,—
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend :
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy blessing end.

8th century ; *tr.* by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801–90.

261 77. 77. 77.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night.
Dayspring from on high, be near ;
Daystar, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

262 77. 77. 73.

JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,
Brightest Beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft, refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew,
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

3 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey,
All the day.

4 O, our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake ;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy straight and narrow way ;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest.

CHRISTIAN KNORR VON ROSENROTH, 1636–89 ; *tr.* by JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.

263 11 11. 11 5.

FATHER, we praise Thee, now the night is over ;
Active and watchful, stand we all before Thee ;
Singing, we offer prayer and meditation :
Thus we adore Thee.

2 Monarch of all things, fit us for Thy mansions ;
Banish our weakness, health and wholeness sending ;
Bring us to heaven, where Thy saints united
Joy without ending.

3 All-holy Father, Son and equal Spirit,
Trinity blessèd, send us Thy salvation ;
Thine is the glory, gleaming and resounding
Through all creation.

Attributed to ST. GREGORY THE GREAT, 540–604 ; *tr.* by PERCY DEARMER, 1867–

264

C. M.

O LORD of life, Thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song!
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to Thee belong.

2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind;
The world, it is Thy word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind
Thy presence is, my Lord.

3 Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to Thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4 Lord, let me live and will this day—
Keep rising from the dead;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

5 Within my heart speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep,
Till comes the night, and, labour done,
In Thee I fall asleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1824–1905.

265

77. 77. 77.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment on Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases Thee.

5 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That Thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth Thy praise.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1824–1901.

266

77. 77. 77.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breathed around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Great Creator, who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallowed be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

3 Saviour, who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee.

4 Blessèd Spirit, Comforter,
Sent this day from Christ on high,
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
All Thine influence shed abroad;
Lead me to the truth of God.

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT, ?–1841.

267

S. M.

THIS is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

268

76. 76. D.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright :
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing ' Holy, holy, holy,'
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth ;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth ;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven :
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–85.

269

86. 84.

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free !
Hail, quiet spirit, bringing peace
And joy to me !

2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

3 No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labours cease,
No voice but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

4 On all I think or say or do
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

5 All earthly things appear to fade
As, rising high and higher,
The yearning voices strive to join
The heavenly choir.

6 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

270

76. 76.

THE darkness now is over,
And all the world is bright ;
Praise be to Christ, who keepeth
His children safe at night !

2 We cannot tell what gladness
May be our lot to-day,
What sorrow or temptation
May meet us on our way ;

3 But this we know most surely,
That, through all good or ill,
God's grace can always help us
To do His holy will.

4 Then, Jesus, let the angels,
Who watched us through the night,
Be all day long beside us,
To guide our steps aright

5 And help us to remember,
In thought and deed and word,
That we are heirs of heaven,
And children of the Lord.

6 Then, when the evening cometh,
We'll kneel again to pray,
And thank Thee for the blessings
Bestowed throughout the day.

The Children's Hymn Book, 1881.

EVENING

271

98. 98.

BEFORE the day draws near its ending,
And evening steals o'er earth and sky,
Once more to Thee our hymns ascending
Shall speak Thy praises, Lord Most High.

2 Thy Name is blessed by countless numbers
In vaster worlds unseen, unknown,
Whose duteous service never slumbers,
In perfect love and faultless tone.

3 Yet Thou wilt not despise the weakest
Who here in spirit bend the knee;
Thy Christ hath said, 'Thou, Father, seekest
For such as these to worship Thee.'

4 And through the swell of chanting voices,
The blended notes of age and youth,
Thine ear discerns, Thy love rejoices,
When hearts rise up to Thee in truth.

5 O Light all clear, O Truth most holy,
O boundless Mercy pardoning all,
Before Thy feet, abashed and lowly,
With one last prayer Thy children fall:—

6 When we no more on earth adore Thee,
And others worship here in turn,
O may we sing that song before Thee,
Which none but Thy redeemed can learn.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

272

64. 66.

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live:

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest—
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide—
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me:

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine.

Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

273

84. 84. D.

THE sun declines; o'er land and sea
Creeps on the night;
The twinkling stars come one by one
To shed their light;
With Thee there is no darkness, Lord;
With us abide,
And 'neath Thy wings we rest secure,
This eventide.

2 Forgive the wrong this day we've done,
Or thought, or said;
Each moment with its good or ill
To Thee has fled;
O Father, in Thy mercy great
Will we confide;
Thy benediction now bestow,
This eventide.

3 And when with morning light we rise,
Kept by Thy care,
We'll lift to Thee, with grateful hearts,
Our morning prayer.
Be Thou through life our Strength and Stay,
Our Guard and Guide
To that dear home where there will be
No eventide.

ROBERT WALMSLEY, 1831–1905.

274

C. M.

AS now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
Even so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine arms were stretched
To draw the nations nigh;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

CHARLES COFFIN, 1676–1749;
tr. by JOHN CHANDLER, 1806–76.

275

L. M.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burdens and the care.

O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again;
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–92.

276

C. M.

AS darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us when we pray.

Anon.

277

L. M.

AT even, when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

HENRY TWELLS, 1823–1900.

278

L. M.

NOW cheer our hearts this eventide,
Lord Jesus Christ, and with us bide;
Thou that canst never set in night,
Our heavenly Sun, our glorious Light.

2 May we and all who bear Thy Name
By gentle love Thy Cross proclaim,
Thy gift of peace on earth secure,
And for Thy truth the world endure.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 13, 1899; based on NICOLAUS SELNECKER, 1532–92.

279

88. 84.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high:
Help us to look to that bright place,
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

280

11 11. 11 5.

NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of His disposing,
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, Protector, o'er us;
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us:
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

PETRUS HERBERT, ?–1571; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

281

Irr.

HAIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glory pour'd
Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ, our Lord!
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,

The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.
Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung
With undefilèd tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone:
Therefore in all the world Thy glories, Lord, they own.

4th century; *tr.* by JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

282

77. 75.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray;
Grant us, every closing day,
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

RICHARD HAYES ROBINSON, 1842–92.

283

887. 887.

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling
Of Thy mercy large and free;
Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Through the day Thy care has led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

3 From enticements of the devil,
From the might of spirits evil,
Be our shield and panoply;
Let Thy power this night defend us,
And a heavenly peace attend us,
And angelic company.

4 While the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity.
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity,

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807–89.

284

776. 778.

THE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood;
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's loving-kindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But, when life's day is over,
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 83, 1899; based on PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76.

285

87. 87. D.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

1 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1791–1867.

286

10 10. 10 10.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

287

76. 76. 88

THE day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee
I pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And pray that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

6th century; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

288

65. 65.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tender blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort ever sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924.

289

98. 98.

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

290

S. M.

OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light, that lightenest all!

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end,
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

291

L. M.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711.

292 L. M.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

293 84. 84. 8884.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light,
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

1 v. REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.
2 v. RICHARD WHATELY, 1787–1863.

294 8. 33. 6.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day showed
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

5 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near,
Round my habitation.

6 Thou my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

JOHN CENNICK, 1718–55.

CLOSE OF WORSHIP

295 C. M.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

JOHN CAWOOD, 1775–1852.

296 C. M.

AND now the wants are told that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.

2 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

3 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine,
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine!

4 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

5 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'

6 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1824–1901.

297 L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

298 87. 87. 77 & 77.

OF Thy love some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless Thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with Thee remain;
O direct us,
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where Thy people want no more.

THOMAS KELLY, 1769–1854.

299 87. 87. 87.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1740–1817.

300 77. 77.

NOW may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

301

10 10. 10 10.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

302

88. 88. and refrain.

O SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light!

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–63.

303

77. 77.

PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
Let us live our life in Him;
Part in peace: Christ's death was peace,
Let us die our death in Him.

2 Part in peace: Christ promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave,
Where all mortal partings cease;
Brethren, sisters, part in peace.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1805–48.

BAPTISM

304

88. 88. and refrain.

LORD Jesus Christ, our Lord most dear,
As Thou wast once an infant here,
So give this child of Thine, we pray,
Thy grace and blessing day by day.
O holy Jesus, Lord Divine,
We pray Thee guard this child of Thine.

2 As in Thy heavenly Kingdom, Lord,
All things obey Thy sacred word,
Do Thou Thy mighty succour give,
And shield this child by morn and eve.

3 Their watch let angels round *him* keep
Where'er *he* be, awake, asleep;
Thy holy Cross now let *him* bear,
That *he* Thy crown with saints may wear.

HEINRICH VON LAUFENBERG, 15th cent.; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

305

L. M.

A LITTLE child the Saviour came,
The Mighty God was still His Name,
And angels worshipped as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He who, a little child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message free,
'Let little children come to Me.'

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow;
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 O give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1820–64.

306

C. M.

OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
We now devote to Thee;
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,
And Thy salvation see.

2 Such helpless babes Thou didst embrace,
While dwelling here below;
To us and ours, O God of grace,
The same compassion show.

3 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
O let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1732–1820.

307

78. 78. 88.

BLESSÈD Jesus, here we stand,
Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee in token
That to Christ it here is given,
For of such shall be His heaven.

2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it;
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never—
Thine on earth, and Thine for ever.

3 Make it, Head, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven O lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted firm in Thee for ever.

4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs;
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

BENJAMIN SCHMOLK, 1672–1737; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

308

10 6. 10 6. 884.

O FATHER, Thou who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this babe, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way;
Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,
Thine image on *his* soul impress;
O Father, hear.

2 O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold,
We bring our child to Thee;
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* to Thy fold,
Thine own for aye to be;
Defend *him* through this earthly strife,
And lead *him* on the path of life,
O Son of God.

3 O Holy Ghost, who broodedst o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child;
Give *him* undying life, *his* spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost.

4 O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done;
We speak, but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly sun,
Yet pour on *him* Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God.

ALBERT KNAPP, 1798–1864;
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

309

C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

3 O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,

4 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

310

87. 87. 87.

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May they walk the narrow way:
Thus direct them, and protect them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Let Thy holy word instruct them;
Fill their minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain them
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

JANE ELIZA LEESON, 1807–82, and JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

311

L. M.

MY God, and is Thy table spread?
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

4 O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51.

312

From St. Matthew xxvi. 26–29. L. M.

'TWAS on that night when doomed to know
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which He was betrayed,
The Saviour of the world took bread;

2 And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of His flesh He broke,
And thus to all His followers spoke:

3 'My broken body thus I give
For you, for all; take, eat, and live:
And oft the sacred rite renew
That brings My wondrous love to view.'

4 Then in His hands the cup He raised,
And God anew He thanked and praised,
While kindness in His bosom glowed,
And from His lips salvation flowed.

5 'My blood I thus pour forth,' He cries,
'To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal grace revealed.

6 'With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour
In memory of My dying hour.'

JOHN MORISON, 1750–98, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

313

C. M.

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

314

777.

JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread.

2 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

3 While upon Thy Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

5 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

ROBERT HALL BAYNES, 1831–95.

315

76. 76.

THOU standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there.

2 Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne,
Where Thou art interceding,
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.

3 And, through Thy blood accepted,
With Thee we keep the feast:
Thou art alone the Victim;
Thou only art the Priest.

4 We come, O only Saviour;
On Thee, the Lamb, we feed:
Thy flesh is bread from heaven;
Thy blood is drink indeed.

5 To Thee, Almighty Father;
Incarnate Son, to Thee;
To Thee, Anointing Spirit,—
All praise and glory be.

EDWARD WILTON EDDIS, 1825–1905.

316

C. M.

I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word; one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,—
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom price to pay?

4 O come, in this sweet morning[1] hour,
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

[1] *Or* evening.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

317

66. 66. 88.

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all Thy life we gain,
And all Thy fulness prove,
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil Thy face.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

318

98. 98. D.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead:
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed:
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

319

10 10. 10 10.

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy sacrament dost deign to be:
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

2 O blest memorial of our dying Lord!
Thou living Bread, who life dost here afford,
O may our souls for ever live by Thee,
And Thou to us for ever precious be.

3 Fountain of goodness, Jesus, Lord, and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Make us in Thee devoutly to believe,
In Thee to hope, to Thee in love to cleave.

4 O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
There in the glory of Thy dwelling-place
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face. Amen.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1227–74; *tr.* by JAMES RUSSELL WOODFORD, 1820–85.

320

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come: O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1824–1901.

321

77. 77. 77.

'TILL He come!' O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come'.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only till He come.

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb
Only whisper 'Till He come'.

4 See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine, and break the bread—
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825–1906.

322

88. 84.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord
Until He come.

2 His body, broken in our stead,
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 The drops of His dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

5 O blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

GEORGE RAWSON, 1807–89.

323

10 10. 10 10.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me;
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

5 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

6 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

7 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

324

88. 88. D. Trochaic.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendour,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded;
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
'Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee.'

3 Sun, who all my life dost brighten;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth;
Fount, whence all my being floweth:
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

4 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee;
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited:
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me,
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

JOHANN FRANCK, 1618–77; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

325

88. 86.

O GOD of Love, to Thee we bow,
And pray for these before Thee now,
That, closely knit in holy vow,
They may in Thee be one.

2 When days are filled with pure delight,
When paths are plain and skies are bright,
Walking by faith and not by sight,
May they in Thee be one.

3 When stormy winds fulfil Thy will,
And all their good seems turned to ill,
Then, trusting Thee completely, still
May they in Thee be one.

4 Whate'er in life shall be their share
Of quickening joy or burdening care,
In power to do and grace to bear,
May they in Thee be one.

5 Eternal Love, with them abide;
In Thee for ever may they hide,
For even death cannot divide
Those whom Thou makest one.

WILLIAM VAUGHAN JENKINS, 1868–1920.

326

76. 76. D.

O FATHER, all creating,
Whose wisdom, love, and power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour,
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gifts renew,—
A home by Thee made happy,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, Guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence
With these who call on Thee;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father,
Breathe on them from above,
So mighty in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love;
That, guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain;
Except Thou, Saviour, bless it,
The joy will turn to pain;
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one;
And love Thy Spirit hallows
Is endless love begun.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

327

11 10. 11 10.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY, 1858–

328 77. 77. D.

SAFELY, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin,
No more childish griefs or fears,
No more sadness, no more tears;
For the life, so young and fair,
Now hath passed from earthly care,
God Himself the soul will keep,
Giving His belovèd sleep.

2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain:
For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

HENRIETTA OCTAVIA DE LISLE DOBREE, 1831–94.

329 77. 77.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn:
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne:
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head:
Thou the blood of life hast shed:
Thou hast filled a mortal bier:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own:
Thou hast deigned their load to bear:
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791–1868.

330 77. 77. and refrain.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle-day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

3 There the penitents that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes
All the love of Jesus learn
At His feet in Paradise.

4 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep, in trust,
Till the resurrection day.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

Alternative last verse for USE AT SEA:—

5 'Till the sea gives up its dead,'—
Calmly now the words we say,—
Laid in ocean's quiet bed
Till the resurrection day,
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

331 88. 84.

O LORD of life, where'er they be,
Safe in Thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
Hallelujah!

2 All souls are Thine, and, here or there,
They rest within Thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Hallelujah!

3 Thy word is true, Thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, 'Dust to dust,'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust,
Hallelujah!

4 O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying, they are blest.
Hallelujah!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1840–

332

88. 88. 88.

GOD of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies,
All souls are Thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

4 O Giver unto man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

333

Ordination (333–334).

L. M.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be!

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

5 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign.
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

334

L. M.

O THOU who makest souls to shine
With light from brighter worlds above,
And droppest glistening dew divine
On all who seek a Saviour's love,

2 Do Thou Thy benediction give
On all who teach, on all who learn,
That all Thy Church may holier live,
And every lamp more brightly burn.

3 Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer;
Themselves first training for the skies,
They best will raise their people there.

4 Give those that learn the willing ear,
The spirit meek, the guileless mind;
Such gifts will make the lowliest here
Far better than a kingdom find.

5 O bless the shepherd, bless the sheep,
That guide and guided both be one,
One in the faithful watch they keep,
Until this hurrying life be done.

6 If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,
Our glory meets us ere we die;
Before we upward pass to heaven,
We taste our immortality.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, 1813–56.

Consecration of Church-workers (335–339)

335

76. 76. D.

LORD of the living harvest
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,
Accept fresh hands to labour,
Fresh hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy Kingdom from above.

2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Lord, send them out to be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee,
Content to ask no wages
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
That makes Thy Kingdom come.

3 Be with them, God the Father,
Be with them, God the Son,
Be with them, God the Spirit,
Eternal Three in One!
Make them a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fulness
Now and for evermore.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811–75.

336

66. 66. D.

SHINE Thou upon us, Lord,
True Light of men, to-day,
And through the written word
Thy very self display;
That so, from hearts which burn
With gazing on Thy face,
Thy little ones may learn
The wonders of Thy grace.

2 Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
That so, with one accord,
Our lips may tell Thy Name;
Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3 Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

4 Live Thou within us, Lord;
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee, with every heart.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

337

87. 87. D.

LORD of light, whose Name outshineth
All the stars and suns of space,
Deign to make us Thy co-workers
In the Kingdom of Thy grace;
Use us to fulfil Thy purpose
In the gift of Christ Thy Son:
Father, as in highest heaven,
So on earth Thy will be done.

2 By the toil of lowly workers
In some far outlying field;
By the courage where the radiance
Of the Cross is still revealed;
By the victories of meekness,
Through reproach and suffering won,—
Father, as in highest heaven,
So on earth Thy will be done.

3 Grant that knowledge, still increasing,
At Thy feet may lowly kneel;
With Thy grace our triumphs hallow,
With Thy charity our zeal;

Lift the nations from the shadows
To the gladness of the sun :
Father, as in highest heaven,
So on earth Thy will be done.

4 By the prayers of faithful watchmen,
Never silent day or night ;
By the Cross of Jesus bringing
Peace to men, and healing light ;
By the love that passeth knowledge,
Making all Thy children one :
Father, as in highest heaven,
So on earth Thy will be done.

HOWELL ELVET LEWIS,
1860–

338

L. M.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
1836–79.

339

L. M.

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Thy secret tell ; help me to bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience ; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN,
1836–1918.

Home Missions (340–346).

340

L. M.

LOOK from the sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might,
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee !

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794–1878.

341

77. 77.

SOLDIERS of the Cross, arise!
Gird you with your armour bright;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the Kingdom of the Lord.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

342

76. 76.

BOWED low in supplication,
We come, O Lord, to Thee;
Thy grace alone can save us;
To Thee alone we flee.

2 We come for this our parish
Thy mercy to implore;
On church, and homes, and people,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour.

3 Blot out our sins, O Father;
Forgive the guilty past;
Loose from their chains the captives
Whom Satan holdeth fast.

4 Wake up the slumbering conscience
To listen to Thy call;
The weak and wavering strengthen,
And raise up them that fall.

5 Our crying sin drive from us
With Thy chastising rod,
That we may be a people
Fearing and loving God.

6 O be Thy house, Lord, hallowed,
And hallowed be Thy day;
Let sin-stained souls find pardon,
And learn to love and pray.

7 With heavenly food supported,
O be they firm and strong
To follow all things holy,
To flee from all things wrong.

8 Lord, banish strife and variance;
Knit sundered hearts in one;
And bind us all together
In love to Thy dear Son.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

343

65. 65.

CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,
Who on earth for thee
Laboured, wearied, suffered,
Died upon the Tree.

2 Work, with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

3 Work, with heart that burneth
Humbly at His feet
Priceless gems to offer,
For His crown made meet.

4 Work, with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

5 Work, while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

MARY HASLOCH, 1816–92.

344

S. M.

RISE up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things;
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of kings.

2 Rise up, O men of God!
His Kingdom tarries long;
Bring in the day of brotherhood,
And end the night of wrong.

3 Rise up, O men of God!
The Church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up and make her great.

4 Lift high the Cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1867–

345

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline;
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered.

4 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51.

346

S. M.

WE give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

347 *Flower Service.*

11 10. 11 10.

HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest,
Bloom from the garden and flowers from the field,
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing Thou carest
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened;
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give, of Thy grace, to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow and brightness for gloom.

ABEL GERALD WILSON BLUNT, 1827–1902.

348 *Temperance Work* (348–349). 76. 76. D.

O THOU, before whose presence
Nought evil may come in,
Yet who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin,
O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are, we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive, beneath Thy blessing,
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power,
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour;
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

SAMUEL JOHN STONE, 1839–1900.

349 88. 87.

FATHER, who on man dost shower
Gifts of plenty from Thy dower,
To Thy people give the power
All Thy gifts to use aright.

2 Give pure happiness in leisure,
Temperance in every pleasure,
Holy use of earthly treasure,
Bodies clear and spirits bright.

3 Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
Put Thine enemies to flight.

4 Be with us, Thy strength supplying,
That with energy undying,
Every foe of man defying,
We may rally to the fight.

5 Thou who art our Captain ever,
Lead us on to great endeavour;
May Thy Church the world deliver:
Give us wisdom, courage, might.

6 Father, who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, whose love has bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us—
Hear us, Godhead infinite.

PERCY DEARMER, 1867–

350 *Dumb creatures.* 88. 88. 88.

MAKER of earth and sea and sky,
Creation's Sovereign, Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high
With hands that shaped the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures in our care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

2 For us they toil, for us they die,
These humble creatures Thou hast made;
How shall we dare their rights deny,
On whom Thy seal of love is laid?
Teach Thou our hearts to heed their plea,
As Thou dost man's in prayer to Thee.

EMILY BRYANT LORD, 1839–86.

Medical Work (351–353).

351 C. M.

FROM Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above.

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819–75.

352

87. 87. 77.

THOU to whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant, to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

Medical Missions.

353

C. M.

FATHER, whose will is life and good
For all of mortal breath,
Bind strong the bond of brotherhood
Of those who fight with death.

2 Empower the hands and hearts and wills
Of friends in lands afar,
Who battle with the body's ills,
And wage Thy holy war.

3 Where'er they heal the maimed and blind,
Let love of Christ attend:
Proclaim the good Physician's mind,
And prove the Saviour friend.

4 For still His love works wondrous charms,
And, as in days of old,
He takes the wounded to His arms,
And bears them to the fold.

5 O Father, look from heaven and bless,
Where'er Thy servants be,
Their works of pure unselfishness,
Made consecrate to Thee!

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY, 1851–1920.

354

86. 86. 86.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will:
For even I, in fields so broad,
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come!
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some;
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1818–71.

355

D. C. M.

O LORD of life, and love, and power,
How joyful life would be,
If in Thy service every hour
We lived and moved with Thee;
If youth in all its bloom and might
By Thee were sanctified,
And manhood found its chief delight
In working at Thy side!

2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er too late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin:
And we this day, both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

3 Nor for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrols.
O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That through the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

ELLA SOPHIA ARMITAGE, 1841–

356

L. M.

GO, labour on: spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labour on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work; cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

3 Men die in darkness at thy side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold, I come!'

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

357

76. 75. D.

WORK, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give to each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Adapted from ANNA LOUISA COGHILL, 1836–1907.

358

888.

O YE who taste that love is sweet,
Set waymarks for all doubtful feet
That stumble on in search of it.

2 Sing notes of love: that some who hear
Far off, inert, may lend an ear,
Rise up and wonder and draw near.

3 Lead lives of love; that others who
Behold your life may kindle too
With love, and cast their lot with you.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

359

87. 87. D.

SON of God, eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race;

Thou, our Head, who, throned in glory,
For Thine own dost ever plead,
Fill us with Thy love and pity,
Heal our wrongs, and help our need.

2 As Thou, Lord, hast lived for others,
So may we for others live;
Freely have Thy gifts been granted,
Freely may Thy servants give.
Thine the gold and Thine the silver,
Thine the wealth of land and sea,
We but stewards of Thy bounty,
Held in solemn trust for Thee.

3 Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
King of love, and Prince of peace;
Hush the storm of strife and passion,
Bid its cruel discords cease.
Ah, the past is dark behind us,
Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood;
But before us gleams the vision
Of the coming brotherhood.

4 See the Christlike host advancing,
High and lowly, great and small,
Linked in bonds of common service
For the common Lord of all.
Thou who prayedst, Thou who willest
That Thy people should be one,
Grant, O grant our hope's fruition:
Here on earth Thy will be done.

SOMERSET CORRY LOWRY, 1855–

360

11 10. 11 10.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief;

2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again;

4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick-bed, and share the children's mirth.

5 Thus, Lord, Thy blessèd saints in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, 'Comfort ye,'—
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

361

88. 84.

DEAR Master, what can children do?
The angels came from heaven above
To comfort Thee; may children too
Give Thee their love?

2 No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.

3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet:

4 And not one simple, loving deed,
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain:

5 Since every passing joy we make
For men and women that we see,
If it is offered for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.

6 O God, our Master, help us then
To bless the weary and the sad,
And, comforting our fellow-men,
To make Thee glad.

ANNIE MATHESON, 1853–1924.

362 56. 659.

THE fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

2 Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak:
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3 We'll work by our prayers,
By the offerings we bring,
By small self-denials;
The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest:

4 Until by and by
As the years pass, at length
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

The Book of Praise for Children, 1881.

363 76. 76. D.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their greatness,
And some bring strength and health;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King;
We have no wealth or learning:
What shall we children bring?

2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them
Yet these a child may bring.

Congregational Church Hymnal, 1887.

MISSIONS

364 664. 6664.

THOU whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Thou who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1780–1825.

365 *From Isaiah* ii. 2–6. C. M.

BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

Jewish Missions (366–369).

366 L. M.

GREAT God of Abraham, hear our prayer:
Let Abraham's seed Thy mercy share;
O may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn!

2 Remember Jacob's flock of old,
Bring home the wanderers to Thy fold;
Remember, too, Thy promised word,
'Israel at last shall seek the Lord.'

3 Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,
And write it in their inward parts;
The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view.

4 O haste the day, foretold so long,
When Jew and Greek, a glorious throng,
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,
And one Redeemer shall adore.

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1779–1823.

367 L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.

4 No portents now their foes amaze;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Their fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

5 But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.

6 And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

WALTER SCOTT, 1771–1832.

368 *From Psalm* xiv. 76. 76.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

3 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

369

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
'I am Jehovah, God alone';
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come;
O bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1759–1829.

370

87. 87. D.

'FOR My sake and the Gospel's, go
And tell redemption's story';
His heralds answer, 'Be it so,
And Thine, Lord, all the glory!'
They preach His birth, His life, His Cross,
The love of His atonement
For whom they count the world but loss,
His Easter, His enthronement.

2 Hark! hark! the trump of jubilee
Proclaims to every nation,
From pole to pole, by land and sea,
Glad tidings of salvation;
As nearer draws the day of doom,
While still the battle rages,
The heavenly dayspring, through the gloom,
Breaks on the night of ages.

3 Still on and on the anthems spread,
Of hallelujah voices;
In concert with the holy dead,
The warrior Church rejoices;
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood,
Their golden harps are ringing;
Earth and the Paradise of God
One triumph song are singing.

4 He comes whose advent-trumpet drowns
The last of time's evangels,
Immanuel, crowned with many crowns,
The Lord of saints and angels.
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM
Triune, who changest never,
The throne of God and of the Lamb
Is Thine, and Thine for ever.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825–1906.

371

76. 76. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

372

66. 66. 88.

HILLS of the North, rejoice:
River and mountain-spring,
Hark to the advent voice!
Valley and lowland, sing!
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh,
He judgment brings, and victory.

2 Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes His great highway.

3 Lands of the East, awake!
Soon shall your sons be free,
The sleep of ages break,
And rise to liberty:
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song;
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the Crucified!

5 Shout while ye journey home!
Songs be in every mouth!—
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South:
City of God, the bond are free;
We come to live and reign in thee.

CHARLES EDWARD OAKLEY,
1832–65.

373

10 10. 10 10.

FAR round the world Thy children sing their song:
From East and West their voices sweetly blend,
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

2 Where Thy wide ocean, wave on rolling wave,
Beats through the ages, on each island shore,
They praise their Lord, whose hand alone can save,
Whose sea of love surrounds them evermore.

3 Thy sun-kissed children on earth's spreading plain,
Where Asia's rivers water all the land,
Sing, as they watch Thy fields of glowing grain,
Praise to the Lord who feeds them with His hand.

4 Still there are lands where none have seen Thy face,
Children whose hearts have never shared Thy joy;
Yet Thou wouldst pour on these Thy radiant grace,
Give Thy glad strength to every girl and boy.

5 All round the world let children sing Thy song:
From East and West their voices sweetly blend,
Praising the Lord in whom young lives are strong,
Jesus our Guide, our Hero, and our Friend.

BASIL JOSEPH MATHEWS,
1879–

374

77. 77.

ONCE again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Name of Jesus, sweetest word.

2 Little lips that Thou hast made,
'Neath the far-off temples' shade
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all Thine own.

3 Little hands, whose wondrous skill
Thou hast given to do Thy will,
Offerings bring, and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see or hear.

4 Teach them, O Thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To Thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving, saving love.

MARY JANE WILLCOX,
1835–1919.

375

87. 87.

GOD of heaven, hear our singing:
Only little ones are we,
Yet, a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.

2 Let Thy Kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be Thine alone,
For the Kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,
1836–79.

376

S. M.

O LORD our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise!
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand Thy quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1779–1853.

377

9 10. 9 10. 10 10.

WAKE, Spirit, who in times now olden
Didst fire the watchmen of the Church's youth,
And 'gainst their every foe embolden,
To witness day and night the eternal truth;
Whose voices through the world are ringing still,
And bringing hosts to know and do Thy will.

2 Soon may that fire from heaven be lent us,
That swift from land to land its flame may leap!
Soon, Lord, that priceless boon be sent us,
Of faithful servants, fit for Thee to reap
The harvest of the soul; look down and view
How great the harvest, but the labourers few.

3 Lord, to our earnest prayer now hearken,
The prayer we offer at Thy Son's command;
For, lo! while storms around us darken,
Thy children's hearts are stirred in every land,
To cry for help, with fervent soul, to Thee;
O hear us, Lord, and speak: 'Thus let it be!'

4 O speedily that help be granted!
Send forth evangelists, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy word, a host undaunted,
Bold to attack the rule of ancient wrong;
And let them all the earth for Thee reclaim,
To be Thy Kingdom and to know Thy Name!

CARL HEINRICH BOGATZKY, 1690–1774; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

378

87. 87 D.

LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping;
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping,
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard;
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord Almighty, give the word.
Give the word; in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end,—Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin,
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain.
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1818–85.

379

From Psalm lxvii. 77. 77. 77.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with light divine,

And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King,
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord!
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live—
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE,
1793–1847.

380 Irr.

GOD is working His purpose out,
as year succeeds to year:
God is working His purpose out, and
the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time—
the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

2 From utmost east to utmost west,
where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers
goes forth the voice of God;
Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye
isles, give ear to Me,
That the earth may be filled with the
glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

3 What can we do to work God's work,
to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—
the reign of the Prince of
Peace?
What can we do to hasten the time—
the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea?

4 March we forth in the strength of
God, with the banner of Christ
unfurled,
That the light of the glorious Gospel
of truth may shine throughout
the world:
Fight we the fight with sorrow and
sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

5 All we can do is nothing worth,
unless God blesses the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the
time—the time that shall surely
be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God, as the waters
cover the sea.

ARTHUR CAMPBELL AINGER,
1841–1919.

381 C. M.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's
heart,
Star of the coming day,
Arise, and with Thy morning beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of Thy royal Name,
And own Thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of
joy,
In memory of Thy love.

4 Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation
groans—
The air, the earth, the sea—
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for Thee.

5 Thine was the Cross, with all its
fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be Thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory Thine.

EDWARD DENNY, 1796–1889.

382 87. 87. D.

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told:
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1818–96.

383

L. M.

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The Cross on which the Saviour died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

5 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1799–1859.

384

87. 87. D.

ONWARD march, all-conquering Jesus,
Gird Thee on Thy mighty sword!
Sinful earth can ne'er oppose Thee:
Hell itself quails at Thy word.
Thy great Name is so exalted,
Every foe shrinks back in fear;
Terror creeps through all creation,
When it knows that Thou art near.

2 Free my soul from sin's foul bondage;
Hasten now the glorious dawn;
Break proud Babel's gates in sunder;
Let the massive bolts be drawn.
Forth, like ocean's heaving surges,
Bring in myriads ransomed slaves,
Host on host, with shouts of triumph,
Endless, countless as the waves.

3 Even to-day I hear sweet music,
Praises of a blood-freed throng:
Full deliverance, glorious freedom,
Are their themes for endless song;
Whiter than the snow their raiment,
Victor palms they wave on high,
As they pass, with fullest glory,
Into life's felicity.

4 How my raptured soul rejoices
That the jubilee is near;
Every word will be accomplished,
Spoken by our Saviour here.
North and South, in countless myriads,
From earth's darkest ends they come,
With the dance and gladsome music,
Into heaven's eternal home.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717–91; *tr.* by WILLIAM HOWELLS, 1855–

385

C. M.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

2 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footstep never trod,
Take your appointed post.

3 Follow the Cross; the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and rebels bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

4 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.

5 O fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong;
To Christ shall every nation bow,
And sing with you this song:

6 'Uplifted are the gates of brass;
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

386

L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

387

87. 87. 47.

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul; be still, and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Let them have the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlightened world around.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717–91.

388 *From Psalm* lxxii.

L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run:
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

389

77. 77. D.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore.
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks—
'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away ;
Then the end ; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

THE GOSPEL CALL

390

76. 76. D.

'COME unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O patient voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us—very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837–98.

391

85. 83.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
Be at rest.'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my Guide?
In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side!

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear!

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, saints, and prophets
Answer, Yes!

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66; based on ST. STEPHEN of MAR SABA, 8th cent.

392

87. 87. 47.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bowed with fruitless sorrow down,
By the broken law convicted,
Through the Cross behold the crown;
Look to Jesus;
Mercy flows through Him alone.

2 Blessèd are the eyes that see Him,
Blest the ears that hear His voice;
Blessèd are the souls that trust Him
And in Him alone rejoice;
His commandments
Then become their happy choice.

3 Take His easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet;
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While His wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where His ransomed captives meet.

4 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the Cross supplies;
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1761–96.

393 87. 87. 47.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and broken by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

5 Lo! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

JOSEPH HART, 1712–68.

394 77. 77. 77.

SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Tell this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall;
This can bring them back again:
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

2 Shepherds seek their wandering sheep
O'er the mountains bleak and cold
Jesus such a watch doth keep
O'er the lost ones of His fold,
Seeking them o'er moor and fen:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Sick and sorrowful and blind,
I with all my sins draw nigh;
O my Saviour, Thou canst find
Help for sinners such as I;
Speak that word of love again:
'Christ receiveth sinful men.'

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
Even me with all my sin,
Openeth to me heaven again;
With Him I may enter in.
Death hath no more sting nor pain:
Christ receiveth sinful men.

ERDMANN NEUMEISTER, 1671–1756;
tr. by EMMA FRANCES BEVAN, 1827–1909.

395 87. 87.

SOULS of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 There 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There 's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

4 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven:
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

6 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

7 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus,
And O come, not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

8 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word:
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER,
1814–63.

396

76. 76. D.

THE King of Glory standeth
Beside that heart of sin;
His mighty voice commandeth
The raging waves within:
The floods of deepest anguish
Roll backward at His will,
As o'er the storm ariseth
His mandate, 'Peace, be still.'

2 At times, with sudden glory,
He speaks, and all is done;
Without one stroke of battle
The victory is won,
While we, with joy beholding,
Can scarce believe it true
That even our kingly Jesus
Can form such hearts anew.

3 O Christ, Thy love is mighty;
Long-suffering is Thy grace;
And glorious is the splendour
That beameth from Thy face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward,
To dwell with Thee above.

CHARITIE LEES DE CHENEZ,
1841–

397

76. 76. D.

O JESUS, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er.
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And, lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred.
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW,
1823–97.

398

D. C. M.

THE Lord is rich and merciful;
The Lord is very kind;
O come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts, they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

2 The Lord is glorious and strong;
Our God is very high;
O trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH,
1818–71.

399

77. 76.

JESUS, we are far away
From the light of heavenly day;
Lost in paths of sin we stray:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

2 Help us to bewail our sin,
And, in heavenly strength, begin
Daily victories to win:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

3 Keep us lowly, that we may,
Ever watchful, turn away
From the snares our tempters lay:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

4 On our darkness shed Thy light;
Lead our wills to what is right;
Wash our evil nature white:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

5 May Thy wisdom be our guide,
Comfort, rest, and peace provide
Near to Thy protecting side:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

6 Fix our hearts on things on high;
Let no evil thoughts come nigh;
Purge from sin our memory:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

7 May Thy grace within the soul
Nature's waywardness control,
Guiding towards the heavenly goal:
Lord, in mercy hear us.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836–96.

400 *From Hosea* vi. 1–4.

C. M.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though His arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

JOHN MORISON, 1750–98; as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

401

C. M.

O LORD, turn not away Thy face
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life,
Before Thy mercy-gate;

2 Which gate Thou openest wide to those
That do lament their sin:
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

3 And call me not to mine account,
How I have livèd here;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
How vile I shall appear.

4 So come I to Thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Requiring mercy for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit:
Lord, let Thy mercy come.

JOHN MARCKANT, 1562.

402

68. 86.

O THOU, my Judge and King—
My broken heart, my voiceless prayer,
My poverty, and blind despair,
To Thee, O Christ, I bring.

2 O Thou, my Judge and King—
My treason to Thy love most sweet,
My pride that pierced Thy weary feet,
To Thee, O Christ, I bring.

3 O Thou, my Judge and King—
My tearful hope, my faith's distress,
For Thee to pardon and to bless,
To Thee, O Christ, I bring.

4 O Thou, my Judge and King—
With no excuse, for Thou art just,
My sins, that set me in the dust,
To Thee, O Christ, I bring.

5 O Thou, my Judge and King—
My soul, from depths of my disgrace,
To seek for mercy at Thy face,
To Thee, O Christ, I bring.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, 1867–

403

S. M.

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest;
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be Thou my health and life.

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high:
When on doth rush the enemy,
O Saviour, be Thou nigh.

6 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last.

SYNESIUS OF CYRENE, 375–430; *tr.* by ALLEN WILLIAM CHATFIELD, 1808–96.

404

87. 87.

LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,
Low before Thy throne we fall;
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,
On Thy Name we humbly call.

2 Sinful thoughts and words unloving
Rise against us one by one:
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,
Good that we have left undone;

3 Hearts that far from Thee were straying,
While in prayer we bowed the knee;
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,
Lifted not the soul to Thee;

4 Precious moments idly wasted,
Precious hours in folly spent;
Christian vow and fight unheeded;
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

5 Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,
We with shame our sins would own;
From henceforth, the time redeeming,
May we live to Thee alone.

6 Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;
Hearken from Thy throne on high;
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,
Hear and heed our humble cry.

MARY ANN SIDEBOTHAM, 1833–1913.

405

777.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it wholly pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forgo.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1802–65.

406

C. M.

ONE who is all unfit to count
As scholar in Thy school,
Thou of Thy love hast named a friend—
O kindness wonderful!

2 So weak am I, O gracious Lord,
So all unworthy Thee,
That even the dust upon Thy feet
Outweighs me utterly.

3 Thou dwellest in unshadowed light,
All sin and shame above—
That Thou shouldst bear our sin and shame,
How can I tell such love?

4 Ah, did not He the heavenly throne
A little thing esteem,
And not unworthy for my sake
A mortal body deem?

5 When in His flesh they drove the nails,
Did He not all endure?
What name is there to fit a life
So patient and so pure?

6 So, Love itself in human form,
For love of me He came;
I cannot look upon His face
For shame, for bitter shame.

7 If there is aught of worth in me,
It comes from Thee alone;
Then keep me safe, for so, O Lord,
Thou keepest but Thine own.

From the Marathi of NARAYAN VAMAN TILAK, 1862–1919; *tr.* by NICOL MACNICOL, 1870–

407 *From Psalm* CXXX. 87. 87. 887.

FROM depths of woe I raise to Thee
The voice of lamentation;
Lord, turn a gracious ear to me,
And hear my supplication:
If Thou shouldst be extreme to mark
Each secret sin and misdeed dark,
O who could stand before Thee?

2 To wash away the crimson stain,
Grace, grace alone availeth;
Our works, alas! are all in vain;
In much the best life faileth:
No man can glory in Thy sight,
All must alike confess Thy might,
And live alone by mercy.

3 Therefore my trust is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
On Him my soul shall rest, His word
Upholds my fainting spirit:
His promised mercy is my fort,
My comfort and my sweet support;
I wait for it with patience.

4 What though I wait the livelong night,
And till the dawn appeareth,
My heart still trusteth in His might;
It doubted not, nor feareth:
So let the Israelite in heart,
Born of the Spirit, do his part,
And wait till God appeareth.

5 Although our sin is great indeed,
God's mercies far exceed it;
His hand can give the help we need,
However much we need it:
He is the Shepherd of the sheep
Who Israel doth guard and keep,
And shall from sin redeem him.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546; *tr.* by RICHARD MASSIE, 1800–87.

408 88. 84.

THERE is a holy sacrifice
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,
The contrite heart.

2 That lofty One, before whose throne
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,
The contrite heart.

3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest cry,
And cheer and bless and purify
The contrite heart.

5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art, I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871.

409 88. 88. 88.

O JESUS, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek Thy face;
Open Thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

3 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within,
That I may dread Thy gracious power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

410

D. C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast':
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live':
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

411

88. 86.

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,—
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871.

412

8 10. 10 4.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low;
Only my heart's desire cries out in me,
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

3 Lord, Thou art Life, though I be dead;
Love's Fire Thou art, however cold I be:
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

413

77. 77. 77.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740–78.

414

77. 77. D.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

415

664. 6664.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine:
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER, 1808–87.

416

88. 88. 88.

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell Thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on Thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask Thee, who art Thou?
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

4 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy mercies move;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

5 I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

417

77. 77.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

418

C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

RAY PALMER, 1808–87.

419

C. M.

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

420

L. M.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call:
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,—
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Attributed to ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *tr.* by RAY PALMER, 1808–87.

421

L. M.

JESUS! the very thought is sweet,
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No name is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

3 Jesus, Thou sweetness pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, Light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness;
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love for Jesus flows.

5 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find!

6 We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.
Amen.

Attributed to ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *tr.* by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

422

C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Attributed to ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *tr.* by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

423

C. M.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire,—

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore,
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Attributed to ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091–1153; *tr.* by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

424

88. 88. 6.

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee:
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1842–1906.
[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

425

88. 86.

O SAVIOUR, I have nought to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

2 The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love unbought is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore.

JANE CREWDSON, 1809–63.

426

76. 76.

O THOU, whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With three-fold cords to Thee!

2 Though all the world deceive me,
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessèd Saviour, mine!

3 O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee,
In deed, or word, or thought!

4 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811–75.

427 64. 64. 10 10.

I LIFT my heart to Thee,
Saviour Divine;
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,
I all things owe;
All that I have and am,
And all I know.
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 1818–90.

428 886. 886.

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death or hell:
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

429 10 10. 10 10.

NOT what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless,
It saves me now, and shall for ever save,
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

3 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.

4 I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here:
Dear ones are leaving, and, as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

5 More of Thyself, O shew me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word!

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

430 88. 88. 88.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my All,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

HENRY COLLINS, 1827–1919.

431 88. 88. 88.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower;
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone;
Thee will I love, till sacred fire
Fill my whole soul with pure desire.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with Thy heavenly light.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1624–77;
tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

432 88. 88. 88.

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am:
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
All coldness from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise;
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that tremendous hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76;
tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

433

C. M.

MY God, I love Thee; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Are lost eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Even death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, most loving Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord?

6 Even so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Attributed to ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, 1506–52; *tr.* by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78.

434

77. 77. D.

LOVED with everlasting love,
Led by grace that love to know;
Spirit, breathing from above,
Thou hast taught me it is so.
O this full and perfect peace!
O this transport all divine!
In a love which cannot cease
I am His, and He is mine.

2 Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue,
Christless eyes have never seen:
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His, and He is mine.

3 His for ever, only His:
Who the Lord and me shall part?
Ah, with what a rest of bliss
Christ can fill the loving heart!
Heaven and earth may fade and flee,
First-born light in gloom decline;
But, while God and I shall be,
I am His, and He is mine.

GEORGE WADE ROBINSON, 1838–77.

435

87. 87.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love,
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1735–90.

436

L. M.

IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved Him not.

3 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

4 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE

437 77. 77.

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

2 With a child's glad heart of love
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

JANE ELIZA LEESON, 1807–82.

PEACE AND JOY

438 *From Psalm* xxiii. 87. 87.

THE King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever!

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

439 76. 76. D.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
'Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may:

3 'It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.'

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

440 C.M.

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by His Cross have found their life,
And 'neath His yoke their rest.

2 Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

3 Christ to their homes giveth His peace,
And makes their loves His own;
But ah, what tares the evil one
Hath in His garden sown!

4 Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesus' love.

5 Then shall they know, they that love Him,
How all their pain is good;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 34, 1899; based on CHARLES COFFIN, 1676–1749.

441

84. 84. 84.

MY God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1825–64.

442

76. 76. D.

IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure:
My path to life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1820–1910.

443

65. 65. D. and refrain.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase;
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day,—
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

2 Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand;
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the spirit there.

3 Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him fully
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

444

10 10.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1825–1906.

445

87. 87. D.

SPEAK, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus!
O, how passing sweet Thy words,
Breathing o'er my troubled spirit
Peace which never earth affords.
All the world's distracting voices,
All the enticing tones of ill,
At Thy accents mild, melodious,
Are subdued, and all is still.

2 Tell me Thou art mine, O Saviour,
Grant me an assurance clear;
Banish all my dark misgivings,
Still my doubting, calm my fear.
O, my soul within me yearneth
Now to hear Thy voice divine;
So shall grief be gone for ever,
And despair no more be mine.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717–91; *tr.* by RICHARD MORRIS LEWIS, 1849–1918.

446

D. C. M.

MY heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

2 I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
'Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.'

3 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
'Thou art my portion, saith my soul,'
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING, 1820–1910.

447

S. M.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

5 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

448

87. 87. 337.

ALL my hope on God is founded;
He doth still my trust renew.
Me through change and chance He guideth,
Only good and only true.
God unknown,
He alone
Calls my heart to be His own.

2 Pride of man and earthly glory,
Sword and crown betray his trust;
What with care and toil he buildeth,
Tower and temple, fall to dust.
But God's power,
Hour by hour,
Is my temple and my tower.

3 God's great goodness aye endureth,
Deep His wisdom passing thought:
Splendour, light, and life attend Him,
Beauty springeth out of nought.
Evermore,
From His store
New-born worlds rise and adore.

4 Daily doth the Almighty Giver
Bounteous gifts on us bestow;
His desire our soul delighteth,
Pleasure leads us where we go.
Love doth stand
At His hand;
Joy doth wait on His command.

5 Still from man to God eternal
Sacrifice of praise be done,
High above all praises praising
For the gift of Christ His Son.
Christ doth call
One and all:
Ye who follow shall not fall.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 69, 1899; based on JOACHIM NEANDER, 1650–80.

449

88. 84.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave;

3 For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

5 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

6 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

7 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore.
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871.

450

77. 77.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

451

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807.

452

777.

PRESENT with the two or three
Deign, most gracious God, to be,
While we lift our souls to Thee.

2 Jesus, by Thy blood alone
Who didst for our sins atone,
Dare we come before Thy throne.

3 Thou who knowest all our need,
Grant the prayer of faith to plead,
Teach us how to intercede.

4 Holy Spirit, from on high
Helping our infirmity,
Aid us in our feeble cry.

5 Flesh and heart would faint and fail,
But there stands within the veil
One who ever doth prevail.

6 Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
While the endless ages run.

FANNY FREER, 1801–91.

453

10 10.

O KING of mercy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our humble cry.

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep,
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.

3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sinner's Friend,
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings without end.

6 O come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace;
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.

7 In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

8 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

9 O lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS, 1810–83.

454

76. 76. D.

O GOD, Thou art the Father
Of all that have believed:
From whom all hosts of angels
Have life and power received.

2 O God, Thou art the Maker
Of all created things,
The righteous Judge of judges,
The Almighty King of kings.

3 High in the heavenly Zion
Thou reignest God adored;
And in the coming glory
Thou shalt be Sovereign Lord.

4 Beyond our ken Thou shinest,
The everlasting Light;
Ineffable in loving,
Unthinkable in might.

5 Thou to the meek and lowly
Thy secrets dost unfold;
O God, Thou doest all things,
All things both new and old.

6 I walk secure and blessèd
In every clime or coast,
In Name of God the Father,
And Son, and Holy Ghost.

ST. COLUMBA, 521–97; *tr.* by DUNCAN MACGREGOR, 1854–1923.

455

C. M.

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And, when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.

4 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,
Imploring at Thy feet
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light and life and bliss.

6 O help us, Saviour, from on high;
We know no help but Thee:
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1791–1868.

456

66. 66.

MY spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a Guest.

2 Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from Thee.

3 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.

4 No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

JOHN BYROM, 1691–1763.

457

C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

458

66. 66. 88.

O LIGHT that knew no dawn,
That shines to endless day,
All things in earth and heaven
Are lustred by Thy ray ;
No eye can to Thy throne ascend,
Nor mind Thy brightness comprehend.

2 Thy grace, O Father, give,
That I may serve in fear ;
Above all boons, I pray,
Grant me Thy voice to hear ;
From sin Thy child in mercy free,
And let me dwell in light with Thee :

3 That, cleansed from stain of sin,
I may meet homage give,
And, pure in heart, behold
Thy beauty while I live ;
Clean hands in holy worship raise,
And Thee, O Christ my Saviour, praise.

4 In supplication meek
To Thee I bend the knee ;
O Christ, when Thou shalt come,
In love remember me,
And in Thy Kingdom, by Thy grace,
Grant me a humble servant's place.

5 Thy grace, O Father, give,
I humbly Thee implore ;
And let Thy mercy bless
Thy servant more and more.
All grace and glory be to Thee,
From age to age eternally.

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN, 325–390 ;
tr. by JOHN BROWNLIE, 1859–1925.

459

88. 88. 88.

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would ; but, though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee ;
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend ?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there ;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in Thee.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1697–1769 ;
tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

460

L. M.

DEAR Master, in whose life I see
All that I would but fail to be,
Let Thy clear light for ever shine,
To shame and guide this life of mine.

2 Though what I dream and what I do
In my weak days are always two,
Help me, oppressed by things undone,
O Thou, whose deeds and dreams were one !

JOHN HUNTER, 1848–1917.

461

88. 84.

ONE thing I of the Lord desire,—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean!

2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought:
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

5 So wash Thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be,—
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH,
1824–1908.

462

65. 65.

JESUS, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

GEORGE RUNDLE PRYNNE,
1818–1903.

463

76. 76. Irr.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentry
All skilful in the wars.

2 There, above noise, and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

3 He is thy gracious friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.

4 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

5 Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN,
1621–95.

464

D. S. M.

MAKE me a captive, Lord,
And then I shall be free;
Force me to render up my sword,
And I shall conqueror be.
I sink in life's alarms
When by myself I stand;
Imprison me within Thine arms,
And strong shall be my hand.

2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find;
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind.
It cannot freely move,
Till Thou hast wrought its chain:
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve;
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world,
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurled
When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.

4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign;
It only stands unbent,
Amid the clashing strife,
When on Thy bosom it has leant
And found in Thee its life.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1842–1906.

465 87. 87.

BLESSÈD Jesus, high in glory,
Seen of saints and angels fair,
Children's voices now adore Thee;
Listen to Thy children's prayer.

2 Gentle Jesus, Thou dost love us,
Thou hast died upon the Tree,
And Thou reignest now above us,
That we too might reign with Thee.

3 Give us grace to trust Thee wholly;
Give us each a childlike heart;
Make us meek and pure and holy,
Meet to see Thee as Thou art.

4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless us all our life below,
Till we each that heaven inherit
Which the childlike only know.

JOHN MACLEOD, 1840–98.

466 L. M.

O GRANT us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live!

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1825–97.

467 C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me;

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

468 *Children's Litany.* 77. 76.

JESUS, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Jesus, at whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, unto whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

5 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

6 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

7 By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

8 By the Name we bow before,
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

9 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite,
Save us, Holy Jesus.

RICHARD FREDERICK LITTLEDALE, 1833–90, and others.

469

77. 76.

JESUS, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

2 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May our thoughts be undefiled;
May our words be true and mild;
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in the manger lie,
Who upon the Cross didst die,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK, 1836–96.

470

76. 76. D.

O LAMB of God, still keep me
Close to Thy piercèd side;
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
What lusts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding
I feel myself secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure.
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its cares and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace.
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

JAMES GEORGE DECK, 1802–84.

471

L. M.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me:

4 Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

472

L. M.

FOR Thee, my God, for Thee alone,
My spirit longs with ardent love;
On earth beside Thee there is none,
And none but Thee in heaven above.

2 Fulfil, O God, my heart's desires;
While I look up, look down to bless;
Each holy wish Thy grace inspires
May I in Thy deep love possess.

3 My soul cleaves heavy to the dust,
But Thou canst raise and set it free;
And then, in calm and joyful trust,
It soars from earth to heaven and Thee.

4 Now in this stillness, as the breath
Of prayer steals upward to the skies,
O give my soul the wings of faith,
That it to Thee may gladly rise;

5 That, breaking through each fleshly link
Which binds its being to the clod,
At life's clear wellspring it may drink,
Rejoicing in the smile of God.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823–64.

473 *From Psalm* lxiii. L. M.

O GOD, Thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

2 O that it were as it hath been
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace!

3 Yet through this rough and thorny maze
I follow hard on Thee, my God;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways;
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

4 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

5 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

6 Praise, with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

474 C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe,

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste even now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, 1796–1877.

475 64. 64. 664.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!'

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven,
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
'Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!'

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS,
1805–48.

476

65. 65. D.

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have to offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee.
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God,
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal,
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

GODFREY THRING,
1823–1903.

477

10 10. 10 10.

BE Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art,—
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

2 Be Thou my Wisdom, Thou my true Word;
I ever with Thee, Thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

3 Be Thou my battle-shield, sword for the fight,
Be Thou my dignity, Thou my delight.
Thou my soul's shelter, Thou my high tower:
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

4 Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

5 High King of heaven, after victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Ancient Irish,
tr. by MARY BYRNE;
versified by ELEANOR HULL.

478

S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God:
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, who left the sky
Our life and peace to bring,
And dwelt in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King,—

3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
Ours may this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866, and others.

479 87. 87. D.

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver;
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

3 Finish then Thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

480 66. 55. 6.

THERE is a city bright;
Closed are its gates to sin;
Nought that defileth,
Nought that defileth
Can ever enter in.

2 Saviour, I come to Thee;
O Lamb of God, I pray,
Cleanse me and save me,
Cleanse me and save me,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Lord, make me, from this hour,
Thy loving child to be,
Kept by Thy power,
Kept by Thy power
From all that grieveth Thee,—

4 Till in the snow-white dress
Of Thy redeemed I stand,
Faultless and stainless,
Faultless and stainless,
Safe in that happy land.

MARY ANN SANDERSON DECK, 1813–1902.

481 *From Heb.* xiii. 20–21. C. M.

FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own Thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
The eternal covenant stood.

3 O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still;

4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51; as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

482 C. M.

WALK in the light: so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light: and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

5 Walk in the light: and even the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

BERNARD BARTON, 1784–1849.

483 *From 1 St. John* iii. 1–4. C. M.

BEHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!

2 Concealed as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,—
A world that knew not when He came,
Even God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise,
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4 Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear His image bright;
For all His glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.

Scottish Paraphrases, 1781.

BROTHERLY LOVE

484 *From 1 Corinthians* xiii. 77. 75.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need;
Therefore give me love.

4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–85.

485 11 10. 11 10.

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

2 For he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;

Love shall tread out the baleful fire
of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of
peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,
1807–92.

486

D. C. M.

OUR Father, Thy dear Name doth
show
The greatness of Thy love;
All are Thy children here below,
As in Thy heaven above.
One family on earth are we,
Throughout its widest span:
O help us everywhere to see
The brotherhood of man.

2 Alike we share Thy tender care;
We trust one heavenly Friend;
Before one mercy-seat, in prayer,
With confidence we bend;
Alike we hear Thy loving call,
One heavenly vision scan,—
One Lord, one faith, one hope for all,
The brotherhood of man.

3 Bring in, we pray, the glorious day
When warfare shall be stilled,
And bitter strife be swept away,
And hearts with love be filled.
Help us to banish pride and wrong,
Which, since the world began,
Have marred its peace; and so make
strong
The brotherhood of man.

CHARLES HERBERT RICHARDS,
1839–1925.

487

88. 86.

O GOD of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, who cam'st on earth to
die
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,—
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast
taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath
bought,
That every word and deed and
thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast
died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee.

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903.

488

10 10.

BELOVÈD, let us love: love is
of God;
In God alone hath love its true abode.

2 Belovèd, let us love: for they who
love,
They only, are His sons, born from
above.

3 Belovèd, let us love: for love is rest,
And he who loveth not abides un-
blest.

4 Belovèd, let us love: for love is
light,
And he who loveth not dwelleth in
night.

5 Belovèd, let us love: for only thus
Shall we behold that God who
loveth us.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

489

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless
round
Of circling planets singing on their
way,
Guide of the nations from the night
profound
Into the glory of the perfect day:
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever
be
Guided and strengthened and up-
held by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy
love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd
Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as
one;

As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend ;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;
We ask no victories that are not Thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be :
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1840–1904.

490

S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love ;
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts, and our cares.

3 When for awhile we part,
This thought will soothe our pain,
That we shall still be joined in heart
And one day meet again.

4 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day,

5 When from all toil and pain
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1740–1817, and others.

491

L. M.

ALMIGHTY Father, who dost give
The gift of life to all who live,
Look down on all earth's sin and strife,
And lift us to a nobler life.

2 Lift up our hearts, O King of kings,
To brighter hopes and kindlier things,
To visions of a larger good,
And holier dreams of brotherhood.

3 Thy world is weary of its pain,
Of selfish greed and fruitless gain,
Of tarnished honour, falsely strong,
And all its ancient deeds of wrong.

4 Hear Thou the prayer Thy servants pray,
Uprising from all lands to-day,
And o'er the vanquished powers of sin
O bring Thy great salvation in.

JOHN HOWARD BERTRAM MASTERMAN, 1867–

492

87. 87. D. Iambic.

O GOD our Father, throned on high,
Enrobed in ageless splendour,
To Thee, in awe and love and joy,
Ourselves we would surrender—
To live obedient to Thy will
As servants to each other,
And show our faithfulness to Thee
By love to one another.

2 To serve by love ! O teach us how ;
Be this our great vocation—
To comfort grief, to seek the lost
With message of salvation ;
In loving may our full hearts beat,
Our words be wise and winning ;
In helping others may our joy
Have ever new beginning.

3 Thee, Lord, for Thy dear Son we bless;
His heart for us was broken;
O Love! upon the bitter Cross
Thy deepest word was spoken;
The echo of that word is heard
In love for every brother;
So test we, Lord, our love for Thee,
By loving one another.

GEORGE THOMAS COSTER, 1835–1912.

493 888.

FATHER of men, in whom are one
All humankind beneath Thy sun,
Stablish our work in Thee begun.

2 Except the house be built of Thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be:
O strengthen our infirmity!

3 Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own;
Life's worth in fellowship is known.

4 We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray:
Bless Thou our fellowship to-day.

5 O Christ, our Elder Brother, who
By serving man God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.

6 Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by Thy free law of love.

7 In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our Friend, our Stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day:

8 Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.

HENRY CARY SHUTTLEWORTH, 1850–1900.

494 S. M.

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

2 To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
'The first ripe ears are for the Lord,
The rest He gives to man.'

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802–62.

495 87. 87.

SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to Thee,
All my powers to Thee surrender,
Thine, and only Thine, to be.

2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;
Let my youthful heart be Thine;
Thy devoted servant make me;
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way;
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Let me do Thy will or bear it;
I would know no will but Thine;
Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

5 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never;
Seal Thine image on my heart.

JOHN BURTON, 1803–77.

496

88. 88. 88.

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear:
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

2 O Love, who ere life's earliest morn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as Man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made:

3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know:

4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead:

5 O Love, whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers:
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1624–77;
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

497

88. 86.

JUST as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 Just as I am, young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, 1834–1909.

498

C. M.

LORD, in the fulness of my might,
I would for Thee be strong:
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To Thee should soar my song.

2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go,
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

4 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5 O choose me in my golden time:
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819–1906.

499

L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done! the great transaction 's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
O who with earth would grudge to part,
When called with angels to be blest?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51.

500 87. 87.

JESUS calls us! O'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me:'

2 As, of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

501 L. M.

'TAKE up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
'If thou wouldst My disciple be;
Take up thy cross, with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.'

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still:
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly every danger brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST, 1814–77.

502 87. 87. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee!

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
Joy, to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What thy Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day 's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission:
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

503

10 10. 10 10.

ALMIGHTY Father of all things that be,
Our life, our work, we consecrate to Thee,
Whose heavens declare Thy glory from above,
Whose earth below is witness to Thy love.

2 For well we know this weary, soilèd earth
Is yet Thine own by right of its new birth,
Since that great Cross upreared on Calvary
Redeemed it from its fault and shame to Thee.

3 Thine still the changeful beauty of the hills,
The purple valleys flecked with silver rills,
The ocean glistening 'neath the golden rays;
They all are Thine, and voiceless speak Thy praise.

4 Thou dost the strength to workman's arm impart;
From Thee the skilled musician's mystic art,
The grace of poet's pen or painter's hand
To teach the loveliness of sea and land.

5 Then grant us, Lord, in all things Thee to own,
To dwell within the shadow of Thy throne,
To speak and work, to think, and live, and move,
Reflecting Thine own nature, which is love;

6 That so, by Christ redeemed from sin and shame,
And hallowed by Thy Spirit's cleansing flame,
Ourselves, our work, and all our powers may be
A sacrifice acceptable to Thee.

ERNEST EDWARD DUGMORE,
1843–1925.

504

77. 77.

THINE for ever! God of Love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

3 Thine for ever! Lord of Life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY FAWLER MAUDE,
1819–1913.

505

Irr.

TO-DAY I arise,
Invoking the Blessèd Trinity,
Confessing the Blessèd Unity,
Creator of all the things that be.

2 To-day I arise,
By strength of Christ and His mystic Birth,
By His Passion, and Triumph's saving worth,
By His Coming again to judge the earth.

3 To-day I arise,
By seraphs serving the Lord above,
By truths His ancient heralds prove,
By saints in purity, labour, love.

4 To-day I arise,
By splendour of sun and flaming brand,
By rushing wind, by lightning grand,
By depth of sea, by strength of land.

5 To-day I arise,
With God my steersman, stay and guide,
To guard, to counsel, to hear, to bide,
His way before, His hosts beside—

6 Protecting me now
From crafty wiles of demon crew,
From foemen, be they many or few,
From lusts that I can scarce subdue.

7 Lord Jesus the Christ,
To-day surround me with Thy might;
Before, behind, on left and right,
Be Thou in breadth, in length, in height.

8 Direct and control
The minds of all who think on me,
The lips of all who speak to me,
The eyes of all who look on me.

9 To-day I arise,
Invoking the Blessèd Trinity,
Confessing the Blessèd Unity:
Saviour, on us salvation be!

ST. PATRICK, 372–466; *tr.* by ROBERT ALEXANDER STEWART MACALISTER, 1870–

506

D. L. M. and refrain.

I BIND unto myself to-day
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.

2 I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation;
His baptism in the Jordan river;
His death on Cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spicèd tomb;
His riding up the heavenly way;
His coming at the day of doom:
I bind unto myself to-day.

3 I bind unto myself to-day
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea
Around the old eternal rocks.

4 I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need,
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward,
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

5 *Christ be with me, Christ within me,*
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

6 I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three,
Of whom all nature hath creation,
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word.
Praise to the Lord of my salvation:
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

ST. PATRICK, 372–466; version by CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

507

From 2 Tim. i. 12. C. M.

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of His Cross,
And honour all His laws.

2 Jesus, my Lord! I know His Name,
His Name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 I know that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748, as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

508

76. 76. D.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend:
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou has promised,
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

JOHN ERNEST BODE, 1816–74.

509

77. 77. 77.

JESUS, Master, whose I am,
Purchased, Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me,
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Jesus, Master, I am Thine:
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine,
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
O be Thou my All in All.

3 Jesus, Master, whom I serve,
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfil;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All the work Thou hast for me.

4 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call.
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

510

10 10. 10 10.

TEACH me, O Lord, to follow
Him who trod
With loving zeal the pathway to His God;
Help me to rest my faith on Him alone
Who died for my transgression to atone.

2 Wean my rebellious heart from earthly things,
Show me the Fount whence living water springs;
Teach me to feel that, when afflictions come,
They're sent in love, to turn my thoughts to home.

3 So may I live, that in my daily race
The things of God may hold the highest place;
So may I die, that death to me may be
The opening dawn of immortality.

N. LAMBERT.

511

S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee!

2 A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, 'for Thy sake';
Will not grow bright and clean.

4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine.

5 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593–1632.

512

77. 77.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart—it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

513

C. M.

O LORD and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

2 Thou judgest us : Thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer Thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

3 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight ;
And naked to Thy glance
Our secret sins are, in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

4 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

6 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

7 We faintly hear ; we dimly see ;
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

514

88. 84.

THROUGH good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful word—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword—
We follow Thee.

2 In silence of the lonely night,
In fullest glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

3 Strengthened by Thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe ;
Through pain or ease, through joy or woe,
We follow Thee.

4 Great Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray ;
Then, in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

5 Thou hast passed on before our face ;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace :
O keep us, aid us by Thy grace ;
We follow Thee.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

515

C. M.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do—
In faith and trust to follow Him
Whose lot was lowly too.

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in our Father's love ;
We lean on His almighty arm,
And fix our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
As streams that still the nobler grow,
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1805–84.

516

L. M.

WE are but little children weak,
Nor born in any high estate;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

1 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within,—
A life to live for Jesus' sake,
A constant war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes,

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake.

6 There 's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

517

L. M.

FIGHT the good fight
With all thy might;
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its path before us lies;
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside;
And on thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide,—
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear;
His arm is near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, 1811–75.

518

S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
And let me ne'er my trust betray,
But press to realms on high.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

519

65. 65. 65. D

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?

Who will leave the world's side ?
Who will face the foe ?
Who is on the Lord's side ?
Who for Him will go ?
By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting.
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

4 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, and faithful,
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold ;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

520 C. M.

WORKMAN of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

3 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

4 Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

6 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–63.

521 *Guild Hymn.* 86. 86. D. 88.

BELIEVING fathers oft have told
What things by God were done,
When faithful men in days of old
Their lifelong battle won ;
And now when God calls us to life,
And Satan tempts each man,
We choose our side in the mortal strife
To fight as best we can,—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one Lord.

2 Our King has come to claim His own,
Has paid the debt we owe,
Himself has fought the fight alone,
In straits we cannot know.
Amid the world's confusèd noise,
Where we but darkly see,
The Christ appeals, with sweet, clear voice,
'My brothers, follow Me,'—
Like brothers true, of one accord,
To hold one faith, to serve one Lord.

3 His Church our shelter, He our Guide,
Our strength His healing Cross,
We range ourselves upon His side,
Where none can suffer loss.
We're safe behind our Saviour's shield;
He makes us heirs of heaven;
We claim upon the embattled field
The victory Christ has given,—
Like brother true, of one accord,
To hold one faith and serve one Lord.

4 And yet, O Christ, our Saviour King,
Unless Thou keep us Thine,
Our faith will soon dry at the spring,
Our love will shrink and pine.
So by Thy Spirit mould us, Lord;
Inspire our hearts to pray;
Our hungry souls feed with Thy word,
Teach all our Guild to say,
'True brothers we, of one accord,
We hold one faith, we serve one Lord.'

5 We fain would do our Master's part,
And help our fellow-men,
Would cheer some lonely brother's heart,
Some lost one bring again,
Would serve the Church abroad, at home,
With hearts from self set free,
Striving to make Thy Kingdom come.
O God, so may it be,
That, brothers true, with one accord
We hold the faith and serve the Lord!

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON CHARTERIS, 1835–1908.

522

L. M.

HE liveth long who liveth well:
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

2 He liveth long who liveth well:
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

CONFLICT AND VICTORY

523

77. 73.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say,
'Thou art in the midst of foes:
Watch and pray.'

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on;
Wear it ever, night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
'Watch and pray.'

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day:
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871.

524 87. 87. 47.

JESUS, Lord of Life and Glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay:
By Thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

JOHN JAMES CUMMINS,
1795–1867.

525 65. 65. D.

IN the hour of trial,
Jesus, pray for me,
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou seest me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favour
Suffer me to fall.

2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4 When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

JAMES MONTGOMERY,
1771–1854.

526 *From Psalm* xlvi. 87. 87. 66. 667.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all:
The city of God remaineth.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546;
tr. by THOMAS CARLYLE,
1795–1881.

527 *From Psalm* xxvii. 76. 76.

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My light, my help is near.

2 Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

3 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.

4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

528 D. C. M.

I FEEL the winds of God to-day;
To-day my sail I lift,
Though heavy oft with drenching spray,
And torn with many a rift;
If hope but light the water's crest,
And Christ my bark will use,
I'll seek the seas at His behest,
And brave another cruise.

2 It is the wind of God that dries
My vain regretful tears,
Until with braver thoughts shall rise
The purer, brighter years;
If cast on shores of selfish ease
Or pleasure I should be,
Lord, let me feel Thy freshening breeze,
And I'll put back to sea.

3 If ever I forget Thy love
And how that love was shown,
Lift high the blood-red flag above:
It bears Thy Name alone.
Great Pilot of my onward way,
Thou wilt not let me drift;
I feel the winds of God to-day,
To-day my sail I lift.

JESSIE ADAMS, 1863–

529 87. 87. D.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There 's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely; strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
Trust in God, and do the right.

5 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,—
Trust in God, and do the right.

6 Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There 's a star to guide the humble:
'Trust in God, and do the right.'

NORMAN MACLEOD, 1812–72.

530 D. C. M.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826.

531

C. M.

O GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death.

2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

3 Fain would we join the blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white.

4 Yet who can fight for truth and God,
Enthralled by lies and sin?
He who would wage such war on earth
Must first be true within.

5 O God of truth, for whom we long,
O Thou that hearest prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6 So, tried in Thy refining fire,
From every lie set free,
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwell,
And we may fight for Thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1823–96.

532

76. 76. D.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross!
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From victory to victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1818–88.

533

77. 77.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go!
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians! will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

6 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, 1785–1806; and FRANCES SARA COLQUHOUN, 1809–77.

534

S. M.

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day,—

6 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

535

65. 65. D. and refrain.

ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See! His banners go.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope, in doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song:
'Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King!'
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834–1924.

536

98. 98.

SAY not, 'The struggle nought availeth;
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.'

2 If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars :
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase even now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

3 For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

4 And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look ! the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819–61.

537

66. 66. 88.

MARCH on, my soul, with strength,
March forward, void of fear ;
He who hath led will lead,
While year succeedeth year ;
And as thou goest on thy way,
His hand shall hold thee day by day.

2 March on, my soul, with strength,
In ease thou dar'st not dwell ;
High duty calls thee forth ;
Then up, and quit thee well !
Take up thy cross, take up thy sword,
And fight the battles of thy Lord !

3 March on, my soul, with strength,
With strength, but not thine own ;
The conquest thou shalt gain,
Through Christ thy Lord alone ;
His grace shall nerve thy feeble arm,
His love preserve thee safe from harm.

4 March on, my soul, with strength,
From strength to strength march on ;
Warfare shall end at length,
All foes be overthrown.
Then, O my soul, if faithful now,
The crown of life awaits thy brow.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, 1859–1924.

538

65. 65. D., and refrain.

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.
Marching through the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
Still with hearts united
Singing on our way.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet.
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once Thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to Thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto Thee ?

4 All our days direct us
In the way we go ;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe ;
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

THOMAS JOSEPH POTTER, 1827–73, and others.

TRUST AND RESIGNATION

539

88. 84.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
'Thy will be done.'

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
'Thy will be done.'

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine:
Thy will be done.

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest:
Thy will be done.

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
'Thy will be done.'

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871.

540

87. 87. 888.

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
Holy His will abideth;
I will be still whate'er He doth,
And follow where He guideth:
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall:
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path;
I know He will not leave me:
I take, content,
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup, in drinking,
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it, all unshrinking:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My Father's care
Is round me there;
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all.

SAMUEL RODIGAST, 1649–1708;
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

541

98. 98. 88.

IF thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love have sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

4 Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

GEORG NEUMARK, 1621–81; *tr.* by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1829–78.

542

65. 65.

O LET him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.

2 Where the mourner, weeping,
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee;
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 If in grief thou languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succour near.

5 All thy woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
Thou in heaven shalt know,

6 When thy gracious Saviour,
In the realms above,
Crowns thee with His favour,
Fills thee with His love.

HEINRICH SIEGMUND OSWALD, 1751–1834; *tr.* by FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1812–97.

543

886. 886.

O LORD, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best;

2 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer,
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear, in that we fear.

3 We cannot trust Him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach;
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers:
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
Even in affliction, peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1808–36.

544

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest divine,
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

2 The good I have is from His stores supplied,
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my Friend, I'm rich with nought beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest:

Changes may come—I take, or I resign,
Content, while I am His, while He is mine.

3 Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious Sun that wanes not nor declines,
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And on His people's inward darkness shines:
All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

4 While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But, when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

JOHN QUARLES, 1624–65; and HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793–1847.

545

10 10. 10 10.

O CHRIST, my God, who seest the unseen,
O Christ, my God, who knowest the unknown,
Thy mighty blood was poured forth to atone
For every sin that can be or hath been.

2 O Thou who seest what I cannot see,
Thou who didst love us all so long ago,
O Thou who knowest what I must not know;
Remember all my hope, remember me.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

546

S. M.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76; *tr.* by JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

547

S. M.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

2 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

3 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

4 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee:
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

6 Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1607–76;
tr. by JOHN WESLEY, 1703–91.

548

86. 86. 86.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see:
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

ANNA LAETITIA WARING,
1820–1910.

549

C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To welcome endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615–91.

550

L. M.

GREAT God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky.

2 Art Thou my Father? canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

3 Art Thou my Father? let me be
A meek obedient child to Thee,
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

4 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend,
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

5 Art Thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

ANN GILBERT, 1782–1866.

551

S. M.

MY times are in Thy hand:
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 My times are in Thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

5 My times are in Thy hand :
I'll always trust in Thee ;
And, after death, at Thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

WILLIAM FREEMAN LLOYD, 1791–1853.

552

65. 65. D.

JESUS is our Shepherd,
His the voice we hear ;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear ?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,—
To the thirsty desert,
Or the dewy mead.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd :
Well we know His voice ;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone ;
None but He shall guide us ;
We are His alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd :
For the sheep He bled ;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed ;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign :
'They that have my Spirit,
These', saith He, 'are Mine.'

4 Jesus is our Shepherd :
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

HUGH STOWELL, 1799–1865.

553

66. 66.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand ;
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might :
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill
As best to Thee may seem :
Choose Thou my good and ill.

6 Choose Thou for me my friends
My sickness or my health ;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

554

87. 87. 87.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
For our use Thy folds prepare :
Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 We are Thine ; do Thou befriend us ;
Be the Guardian of our way ;
Keep from ill ; from sin defend us :
Seek us when we go astray :
Blessèd Jesus !
Hear us children when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessèd Jesus !
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP'S
Hymns for the Young, 1836.

555

48. 84.

HOLD Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that Thou art near:
Hold Thou my hands!

2 If e'er by doubts
Of Thy good Fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

3 Hold Thou my hands,—
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight:
Hold Thou my hands!

4 And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

WILLIAM CANTON, 1845–1926.

556

10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

BE still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side;
Bear patiently the cross of grief or pain;
Leave to thy God to order and provide;
In every change He faithful will remain.
Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heavenly Friend
Through thorny ways leads to a joyful end.

2 Be still, my soul: thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul: the waves and winds still know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

3 Be still, my soul: when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then shalt thou better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul: thy Jesus can repay,
From His own fulness, all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul: the hour is hastening on
When we shall be forever with the Lord,
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul: when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

KATHARINA VON SCHLEGEL, 1697–?;
tr. by JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.

557

C. M.

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

2 I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

3 Fulness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628–88.

558

C. M.

WHO fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

2 Here in the maddening maze of things,
When tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed ground my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

3 I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

4 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

5 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

6 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

7 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

559

D. C. M.

'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.
No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

2 I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness, and cold unrest.
Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe—
Thy mighty grasp of me.

3 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.
Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

4 Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean—let changing mood
And feeling come or go—
Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, 1819–85.

560

88. 88. D. Anapaestic.

A SOVEREIGN Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
He smiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The souls He delights to defend.

2 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I sleeping and waking resign.
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740–78.

561

S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things nor things to come
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His Name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Wait till the shadows flee;
Wait thy appointed hour;
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul
Reveals His love with power.

7 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee:
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740–78.

PILGRIMAGE AND REST

562

From Genesis xxviii. 20–22. C. M.

O GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide:
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51; and JOHN LOGAN, 1748–88; as in *Scottish Paraphrases*, 1781.

563

87. 87. 87.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1791–1867.

564

87. 87. 87.

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till my want is o'er.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside!
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1717–91; *tr.* by PETER WILLIAMS, 1727–96.

565

77. 77.

FATHER, lead me, day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true;
Show me what I ought to do.

2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And, when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee,
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

5 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, 1834–1912.

566

10 10. 10 10.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace:
Without Thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appal, and sorrows still increase;
Lead us through Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH, 1812–71.

567

55. 88. 55.

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won,
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF, 1700–60; *tr.* by JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.

568

10 4. 10 4. 10 10.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801–90.

569

76. 76.

LEAD, holy Shepherd, lead us,
Thy feeble flock, we pray;
Thou King of little pilgrims,
Safe lead us all the way.

2 In Thy blest footprints guide us
Along the heavenward road;
Thine age fills all the ages,
Undying Word of God.

3 That life, O Christ, is noblest
Which praises God the best,
A life celestial, nourished
At wisdom's holy breast.

4 By her good nurture let us,
Thy little ones, be fed,
And by her guidance gentle
Our wandering steps be led.

5 O fill us with Thy Spirit,
Like morning dew shed down,
And with our praises loyal
King Jesus we shall crown.

6 O be our lives our tribute,
The meed of praise we bring,
When thus we join to honour
Our Teacher and our King.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, *c.* 170–220; *tr.* by HAMILTON MONTGOMERIE MACGILL, 1807–80.

570

76. 76. D.

O LORD, I sing Thy praises
Who art my strength and stay,
My leader through life's mazes,
To bring me to Thy way;
Thou didst not leave me straying
When I afar would go,
With heedless footsteps, playing
Upon the brink of woe.

2 For Thou, Thy glory showing,
Mad'st me Thy beauty see;
Thy love has been bestowing
New life and joy on me.
Thou grace and glory givest,
Thou art a Sun and Shield,
Thou only ever livest,
Thy words salvation yield.

3 O Lord, do not forsake me,
But guide me as a friend;
And strong in heart still make me,
For what Thy love may send.
Through death's dark vale victorious,
O let me lean on Thee,
And let me see Thee glorious,
Through all eternity.

PETER GRANT, 1783–1867; *tr.* by LACHLAN MACBEAN, 1853–

571

66. 84. D.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow, and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His Kingdom He maintains,
And glorious with His saints in light
For ever reigns.

5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!—
I join the heavenly lays,—
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

THOMAS OLIVERS, 1725–99.

572

65. 65. 66. 65.

FAR off I see the goal—
O Saviour, guide me;
I feel my strength is small—
Be Thou beside me;
With vision ever clear,
With love that conquers fear,
And grace to persevere,
O Lord, provide me.

2 When'er Thy way seems strange,
Go Thou before me;
And, lest my heart should change,
O Lord, watch o'er me;
But, should my faith prove frail,
And I through blindness fail,
O let Thy grace prevail,
And still restore me.

3 Should earthly pleasures wane,
And joy forsake me,
And lonely hours of pain
At length o'ertake me,—
My hand in Thine hold fast
Till sorrow be o'er-past,
And gentle death at last
For heaven awake me.

4 There, with the ransomed throng
Who praise for ever
The love that made them strong
To serve for ever,
I, too, would see Thy face,
Thy finished work re-trace,
And magnify Thy grace,
Redeemed for ever.

ROBERT ROWLAND ROBERTS, 1865–

573

87. 87. 87.

WHEN from Egypt's house of bondage
Israel marched, a mighty band,
Little children numbered with them
Journeyed to the promised land;
Little children
Trod the desert's trackless sand.

2 Little children crossed the Jordan,
Landed on fair Canaan's shore;
'Neath the sheltering vine they rested,
Homeless wanderers now no more;
Little children
Sang sweet praise for perils o'er.

3 Saviour, like those Hebrew children,
Youthful pilgrims we would be;
From the chains of sin and Satan
Thou hast died to set us free;
We would traverse
All the wilderness with Thee.

4 Guide our feeble, erring footsteps;
Shade us from the heat by day;
Be our light from shadowy nightfall
Till the darkness pass away;
Jesus, guard us
From the dangers of the way.

5 When we reach the cold, dark river,
Bid us tremble not nor fear;
Be Thou with us in the waters—
We are safe if Thou art near;
Through the billows
Let the emerald bow appear.

6 Then, our pilgrim journey ended,
All Thy glory we shall see,
Dwell with saints and holy angels,
Rest beneath life's healing tree,—
Happy children,
Praising, blessing, loving Thee.

JENNETTE THRELFALL, 1821–80.

574

77. 77.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, you sons of light;
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1718–55.

575

76. 76. 76. 73.

THE world looks very beautiful
And full of joy to me;
The sun shines out in glory
On everything I see;
I know I shall be happy
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow Jesus
All the way.

2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done
'The world is full of sorrow
And suffering,' they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet.
He'll comfort me in trouble;
He'll wipe my tears away
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For, when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, 1820–1915.

576

65. 65. 6665.

WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather:
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

2 Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

3 Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628–88.

577

76. 76.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

5 What are they but vaunt-couriers
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66; based on JOSEPH the Hymnographer, 9th century.

578

87. 87. 887.

WHITHER, pilgrims, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?
'We are going on a journey,
Going at our King's command;
Over hills and plains and valleys,
We are going to His palace,
Going to the better land.'

2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little, feeble band?
'No; for friends unseen are near us,
Holy angels round us stand;
Christ, our Leader, walks beside us;
He will guard, and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.'

3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
'Spotless robes and crowns of glory,
From a Saviour's loving hand;
We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright and better land.'

4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
'Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Come, O come, and do not leave us;
Christ is waiting to receive us
In that bright and better land.'

Golden Chain, 1861.

579

65. 65. 65. D.

'FORWARD!' be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching forward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

HENRY ALFORD, 1810–71.

580

11 10. 11 10. 9 11.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1814–63.

581

76. 76. 76. 75.

THE sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
In Immanuel's land.

ANNE ROSS COUSIN, 1824–1906.

582

77. 77. 77.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

4 Even on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

ROBERT MURRAY MCCHEYNE, 1813–43.

583

D. S. M.

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854.

584

77. 75.

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one,
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,
'Peace for evermore.'

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—
Life for evermore.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

DEATH RESURRECTION, AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING

585

87. 87.

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead:
Soon our bodies will be lying
Each within its narrow bed.

2 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came.

3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapour, so it flies;
For the bygone years retreating,
Pardon grant, and make us wise,—

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
Till Thy holy rest we win.

5 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then at Thy right hand.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–78, and others.

586

86.

SOONER or later: yet at last
The Jordan must be past.

2 Sooner or later: yet one day
We all must pass that way.

3 When mysteries shall be revealed,
All secrets be unsealed :

4 Jesus, most merciful of men,
Show mercy on us then ;

5 Lord God of mercy and of men,
Show mercy on us then.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830–94.

587

64. 64. 67. 64.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
'Worthy is our Saviour King!'
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away ;
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
O we shall happy be
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die :
On then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And, bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

ANDREW YOUNG, 1807–89.

588

Irr.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

2 Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809–92.

589

11 10. 11 6.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds, from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

2 Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces, to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 I have but Thee, my Father ; let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

5 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,

6 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever, through heaven's green expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

7 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–92.

590

S. M.

THERE is no night in heaven :
In that blest world above,
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love.

2 There is no grief in heaven :
For all is perfect day ;
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away.

3 There is no sin in heaven,
Amid that blessèd throng ;
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song.

4 There is no death in heaven :
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they can die no more.

5 Lord Jesus, be our Guide ;
O lead us safely on,
Till night and grief and sin and death
Are past, and heaven is won.

FRANCIS MINDEN KNOLLIS, 1815–63.

591

75. 75. 77.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright ;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night :
There 's a bright land far away,
Where 'tis never-ending day.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away :
There 's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song :
There 's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him ;
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim :
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land ?
All who love the right :
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white ;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–95.

592

C. M.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain ;

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes ;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

593

86. 76. 76. 76.

THERE 's a Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend that never changes,
Whose love will never die.

Unlike our friends by nature,
Who change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
The precious Name He bears.

2 There 's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy.
No home on earth is like it,
Or can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There 's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by,—
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

4 There 's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
And a palm of victory ;
All, all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone ;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own !

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1825–1909.

594 66. 66. D.

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace ;
Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond !
To see the Lamb who died,
For ever there enthroned,
For ever glorified ;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing, through endless days,
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God !
Nor fear to tread below,
The path your Saviour trod,
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

595 C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 O happy harbour of the saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

3 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare ;

4 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

5 Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

6 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

7 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

F. B. P. ; probably 16th century.

596 *The Saints at Rest.* 98. 98. D.

FROM heavenly Jerusalem's towers,
The path through the desert they trace ;
And every affliction they suffered
Redounds to the glory of grace ;

Their look they cast back on the tempests,
On fears, on grim death and the grave,
Rejoicing that now they're in safety,
Through Him that is mighty to save.

2 And we, from the wilds of the desert,
Shall flee to the land of the blest;
Life's tears shall be changed to rejoicing,
Its labours and toil into rest:
There we shall find refuge eternal,
From sin, from affliction, from pain,
And in the sweet love of the Saviour,
A joy without end shall attain.

DAVID CHARLES, 1762–1834;
tr. by LEWIS EDWARDS, 1809–87.

597

76. 76.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

2 O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

5 And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope;

6 But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

7 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

8 Yes! God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

9 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

10 Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th cent.;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

598

76. 76. D.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

3 The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They build thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th cent.;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

599

76. 76. D.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:

I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 12th cent.;
tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1818–66.

600

C. M. and refrain.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory'?

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, 'Glory, glory, glory!'

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, 'Glory, glory glory!'

ANNE SHEPHERD, 1809–57.

TIMES AND SEASONS

New Year and Anniversaries (601–607).

601 *From Psalm* xc. C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

602 76. 76. D.

STILL on the homeward journey
Across the desert plain,
Beside another landmark,
We pilgrims meet again.
We meet, in cloud and sunshine,
Beneath a changeful sky,
With calm and storm before us,
As in the days gone by.

2 We meet with loving greetings,
Fond wishes from the heart,
As brothers often parted,
And soon again to part.
With tender recollections,
With many a gentle tear
We meet, for some are wanting;
All loved ones are not here.

3 Safe in the home of Jesus,
With Him for ever blest,
How glorious is their portion,
How undisturbed their rest!
How gladly will they greet us,
When, all our journey past,
We reach the better country,
The Father's house, at last!

4 Thus round the silent landmark,
Here on the desert plain,
We pilgrims meet together,
With loving hearts, again.
The storm may gather round us,
But Christ has gone before;
We follow in His footsteps,
And doubt and fear no more.

JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK, 1813–97.

603 87. 87. D.

HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast brought us
Safely to the present day,
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Watching o'er us all the way.
Friend and Guide through life's long journey,
Grateful hearts to Thee we bring;
But for love so true and changeless
How shall we fit praises sing?

2 Mercies new and never-failing
Brightly shine through all the past,
Watchful care and loving-kindness,
Always near from first to last,
Tender love, divine protection
Ever with us day and night;
Blessings more than we can number
Strew the path with golden light.

3 Shadows deep have crossed our pathway;
We have trembled in the storm;
Clouds have gathered round so darkly
That we could not see Thy form;
Yet Thy love hath never left us
In our griefs alone to be,
And the help each gave the other
Was the strength that came from Thee.

4 Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end;
Now they wait to give us welcome—
Brother, sister, child, and friend.
When at last our journey 's over,
And we pass away from sight,
Father, take us through the darkness
Into everlasting light.

HESTER PERIAM HAWKINS, 1885.

604

77. 77.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect sacrifice,
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1818–85.

605

87. 87. D.

AT Thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blessed us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
To begin the year with praise,—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above,
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender,
On the Cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.
With so blest a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us;
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till the glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823–64.

606

75. 75. D.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All my times to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
'Glorify Thy Name!'

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home,
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify Thy Name.'

4 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy Name.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, 1825–97.

607

L. M.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
And mercy crowns its lingering close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51.

Spring (608–611).

608

C. M.

THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet,
In new, bright raiment clad!

2 Divine Renewer, Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine.

4 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song,
And fragrancy of prayer!

5 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1819–1906.

609

87. 87. D.

ALL is bright and cheerful round us;
All above is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us,
Spring and all its pleasures too.
Every flower is full of gladness;
Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness,
Seems a happy place to-day.

2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be God's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay;
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
Now have rest, and peace, and light.

JOHN MASON NEALE 1818–66.

610

Irr

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored
On the wings of joyous praise our hearts soar up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

2 The springtime breaks all round about, waking from winter's night:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in floods of golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is in all the air:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored
All nature singeth aloud to God there is gladness everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strown in field and copse, on the hill and on the plain :
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that clothe the trees again :
Glory to the Lord !

5 The works of Thy hands are very fair ; and for all Thy bounteous love
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !
But what, if this world is so fair, is the better land above ?
Glory to the Lord !

6 O to awake from death's short sleep, like the flowers from their wintry grave—
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !—
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save !
Glory to the Lord !

7 O to dwell in that happy land where the heart cannot choose but sing—
Thy Name, Lord, be adored !—
And where the life of the blessèd ones is a beautiful endless spring !
Glory to the Lord ! Hallelujah !

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

611

C. M.

LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee ;
And now, when spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer ;

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forgo.

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866.

Summer (612–613).

612

D. C. M.

THE summer days are come again ;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.

2 The summer days are come again ;
The birds are on the wing ;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim ;
For summer joy in field and wood,
We lift our song to Him.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–92.

613

65. 65. D.

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea ;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays ;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour ;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

And, when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us,
To the endless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

Harvest (614–620).

614 98. 98. Dactylic.

NOW sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days,

2 For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield;

3 And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

4 We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

5 But the song it goes deeper and higher;
There are harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

6 And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some as with heart's blood are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

7 O Thou who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1840–1904.

615 88. 88. 88.

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year:
For all sweet holy thoughts, supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed,—
Supply our fainting spirits' need.
O Bread of life, from day to day
Be Thou their comfort, food and stay!

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1808–36.

616 87. 87. D.

TO Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Before Thee thankfully we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves, for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest song
Which never hath an ending.

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1837–98.

617

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not then forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

6 Fountain of love, our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

ALICE FLOWERDEW, 1759–1830.

618

76. 76. D. and refrain.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1740–1815; *tr.* by JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, 1817–78.

619

77. 77. D.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come;
Bring Thy final harvest home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD, 1810–71.

620

77. 77.

PRAISE, O praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;—
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;—

3 And the silver moon, by night
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;—
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;—

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store;
He hath filled the garner floor;—
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure;—

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One!

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

621

Autumn. 76. 76.

THE year is swiftly waning,
The summer days are past;
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

3 O pour Thy grâce upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

Winter (622–623).

622

77. 77.

WINTER reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake;
New-born flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So the saints, from slumber blest
Rising, shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest,
Till there breaks the endless spring.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

623

L. M.

'TIS winter now; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–92.

624

98. 89.

GOD be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you :
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you :
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you :
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you :
God be with you till we meet again.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN, 1828–1904.

Seafarers (625–627).

625

C. M.

O LORD, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our Guard when on the silent deck
The midnight watch we keep.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge ;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine—are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesaret
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save,

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts,
To whisper, 'Peace, be still!'

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

7 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

EDWIN ARTHUR DAYMAN, 1807–90.

626

88. 88. 88.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1825–78.

627

87. 84.

STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me ;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow ;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee ;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

JANE CROSS SIMPSON, 1811–86.

628

L. M.

WHOM oceans part, O Lord, unite
To love Thy Name, and seek Thy light:
Though from each other far we be,
Let none, O Christ, be far from Thee.

2 On many a distant island shore
Still let men see heaven's opened door;
'Mid silent hills, beneath fresh skies,
Let Bethel's shining ladder rise.

3 Bring thoughts of home and Christian ways
To those who miss sweet Sabbath days;
The long-forgotten prayer recall
To those who sin, and mourn their fall.

4 Our sons and daughters guide in truth;
Take for Thyself the flower of youth;
Afar from home, through gain or loss,
Keep them true-hearted to Thy Cross.

5 Whom oceans part, O Lord, unite—
One commonwealth for God and right,
A ransomed people, strong and free,
To bring the whole wide world to Thee!

HOWELL ELVET LEWIS, 1860–

629

85. 83.

HOLY Father, in Thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer;
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath Thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace that they may conquer
In the strife.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to Thee.

ISABEL STEPHANA STEVENSON, 1843–90.

630

66. 66. 88.

FATHER, who art alone
Our helper and our stay,
O hear us, as we plead
For loved ones far away,
And shield with Thine almighty hand
Our wanderers by sea and land.

2 For Thou, our Father God,
Art present everywhere,
And bendest low Thine ear
To catch the faintest prayer,
Waiting rich blessings to bestow
On all Thy children here below.

3 O compass with Thy love
The daily path they tread;
And may Thy light and truth
Upon their hearts be shed,
That, one in all things with Thy will,
Heaven's peace and joy their souls may fill.

4 Guard them from every harm
When dangers shall assail,
And teach them that Thy power
Can never, never fail;
We cannot with our loved ones be;
But trust them, Father, unto Thee.

5 We all are travellers here
Along life's various road,
Meeting and parting oft
Till we shall mount to God,—
At home at last, with those we love,
Within the fatherland above.

EDITH JONES.

NATIONAL HYMNS

631

664. 6664.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King;
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

2 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
'God save the King!'

632

664. 6664.

GOD bless our native land;
God's all-protecting hand
Still guard our shore:
May peace her sway extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more.

2 Lord God, our monarch bless;
Girded with righteousness,
Long may he reign!
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
Throned on a nation's love,
His power maintain.

3 Break, Lord, all lawless might;
Founded in truth and right,
Stablish our laws;
God of all equity,
Set Thou the captive free;
Give the poor liberty,
Judge Thou his cause.

4 Nor on this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore.
Lord, make the nations see
All men should brothers be,
One league, one family,
One, the world o'er.

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON, 1803–70.

633

C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
Another land so well?

3 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1800–81.

634

L. M.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
Prepared of old our glorious land,
A garden fenced with silver sea,
A people prosperous, strong, and free!

2 Praise to our God! through all our past
His mighty arm hath held us fast,
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

3 Praise to our God! the vine He set
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;
On many a shore her seedlings grow;
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

4 Praise to our God! His power alone
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
Sustained by counsels wise and just,
And guarded by a people's trust.

5 Praise to our God! though chastenings stern
Our evil dross should throughly burn,
His rod and staff, from age to age,
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

635

66. 66. and refrain.

TO Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts!
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.

3 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.

6 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

636

87. 87. 87.

JUDGE Eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With Thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of Thy wings.

2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release;
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O God, Thine own endeavour;
Cleave our darkness with Thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of Thy word:
Cleanse the body of this Empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, 1847–1918.

637

Recessional. 88. 88. 88.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre:
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865–

638

76. 76. D.

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry;
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

2 From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

3 Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall;
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation,
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON, 1874–

639

L. M.

THESE things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 Man shall love man, with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1840–93.

640

D. L. M.

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?

2 Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757–1827.

641

11 10. 11 9.

GOD the Omnipotent! King, who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword:
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Meekness and mercy, and slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy Kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

5 So shall Thy children, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, 1808–72, and JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–93.

642 *For use overseas.* 11 10. 11 10.

GOD of Eternity, Lord of the Ages,
Father and Spirit and Saviour of men!
Thine is the glory of time's numbered pages;
Thine is the power to revive us again.

2 Thankful, we come to Thee, Lord of the nations,
Praising Thy faithfulness, mercy, and grace,
Shown to our fathers in past generations,
Pledge of Thy love to our people and race.

3 Far from our ancient home, sundered by oceans,
Zion is builded, and God is adored:
Lift we our hearts in united devotions!
Ends of the earth, join in praise to the Lord!

4 Beauteous this land of ours, bountiful Giver!
Brightly the heavens Thy glory declare;
Streameth the sunlight on hill, plain, and river,
Shineth Thy Cross over fields rich and fair.

5 Pardon our sinfulness, God of all pity,
Call to remembrance Thy mercies of old;
Strengthen Thy Church to abide as a city
Set on a hill for a light to Thy fold.

6 Head of the Church on earth, risen, ascended!
Thine is the honour that dwells in this place:
As Thou hast blessed us through years that have ended,
Still lift upon us the light of Thy face.

ERNEST NORTHCROFT MERRINGTON, 1876–

643 D. C. M.

GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,
While at Thy feet we fall,
And humbly with united cry
To Thee for mercy call.
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine;
O turn us not away,
But hear us from Thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own;
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.
When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.
With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY, 1802–62.

644

D. C. M.

WHAT service shall we render thee,
O Fatherland we love?
What gift of hand, or heart, or brain
May our devotion prove?
The coming age invokes our aid,
Thy voice of old inspires;
Shall we, thy sons and daughters, be
Less worthy than our sires?

2 The service of the commonwealth
Is not in arms alone;
A nobler chivalry shall rise
Than war has ever known:
Glad rivalries in arts of peace,
True ministries of life,
Shall supersede the arts of war
And calm our feverish strife.

3 Too long the pagan rule of force
Has held the world in thrall;
Too long the clash of arms has drowned
The higher human call.
O comrades, seek a nobler quest!
O keep a worthier tryst!
The laws of hate have had their day;
Proclaim the laws of Christ!

4 Lord of the nations, far and near,
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
Equip us for the tasks of life,
Save us from deeds of death;
Enlist us in Thy ranks to fight
Fair freedom's holy war,
Whose battle-cry is 'Brotherhood',
Far-flung from shore to shore.

ERNEST DODGSHUN, 1876–

645

The League of Nations.

11 10. 11 10 10.

FATHER Eternal, Ruler of Creation,
Spirit of Life, which moved ere form was made,
Through the thick darkness covering every nation,
Light to man's blindness, O be Thou our aid!
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

2 Races and peoples, lo! we stand divided,
And, sharing not our griefs, no joy can share;
By wars and tumults Love is mocked, derided,
His conquering Cross no kingdom wills to bear;
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

3 Envious of heart, blind-eyed, with tongues confounded,
Nation by nation still goes unforgiven;
In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,
Building proud towers which shall not reach to heaven.
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

4 Lust of possession worketh desolations;
There is no meekness in the sons of earth.
Led by no star, the rulers of the nations
Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth.
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

5 How shall we love Thee, holy, hidden Being,
If we love not the world which Thou hast made?
O, give us brother-love, for better seeing
Thy Word made flesh and in a manger laid.
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, 1865–

646

L. M.

O GOD of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1821–77.

647

L. M.

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

2 Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

3 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

4 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

5 Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

6 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to succour man's distress.

7 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun!

8 *Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,*
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1865–

Family Life (648–650).

648

11 10. 11 10.

O HAPPY home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving Friend, and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place!

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee, in humble faith and prayer,—
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Dost guide and guard with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free:
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee:

6 Until at last, when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

KARL JOHANN PHILIPP SPITTA, 1801–59; *tr.* by SARAH LAURIE FINDLATER, 1823–1907.

649

L. M.

THOU gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold,
As in the peaceful days of old.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

5 We thank Thee, Father; let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809–94.

650

6 10. 10 10.

FATHER, our children keep;
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of Thy heavenly wing
O keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

2 Father, draw nearer us;
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
O clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

3 Them in Thy chambers hide;
O hide them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

4 O keep them undefiled,
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin,
That, clothed in white, through the bright city-gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

651 *Daily Work.* L. M.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil,
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day;

5 For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

652 *A Mother's Prayer.* 87. 87. 87.

LORD of Life and King of Glory,
Who didst deign a child to be,
Cradled on a mother's bosom,
Throned upon a mother's knee:
For the children Thou hast given
We must answer unto Thee.

2 Since the day the blessèd mother
Thee, the world's Redeemer, bore,
Thou hast crowned us with an honour
Women never knew before;
And, that we may bear it meetly,
We must seek Thine aid the more.

3 Grant us, then, pure hearts and patient,
That, in all we do or say,
Little souls our deeds may copy,
And be never led astray;
Little feet our steps may follow
In a safe and narrow way.

4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight,
And new powers of sacrifice:
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.

5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That, when all the work is over,
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

CHRISTIAN BURKE, 1859–

For Little Children (653–671).

653 446. D.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me up from sleep
Father, I own,
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

THOMAS OSMOND SUMMERS, 1812–82.

654 87. 87.

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN, 1814–40.

655 C. M.

LORD, I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

2 'Tis Thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless Thou give me power.

3 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from Thy sight
In darkness or by day.

4 My health and friends and parents dear
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here
But what is sent from heaven.

5 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.

JANE TAYLOR, 1783–1824.

656 L. M.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1718–55.

657 11. 11. 11. 11.

AWAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

2 The cattle are lowing, the Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! Look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

3 Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven, to live with Thee there.

Anon.

658 77. 77. and refrain.

CHILDREN of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' name:
Children, too, of modern days
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise for all to God be given.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.

JOHN HENLEY, 1800–42.

659 Irr.

WHEN mothers of Salem
Their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart;

But Jesus saw them ere they fled,
And sweetly smiled, and kindly said,
'Suffer little children
To come unto Me.

2 'For I will receive them
And fold them to My bosom;
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs,
O drive them not away;
For, if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live:
Suffer little children
To come unto Me.'

3 How kind was our Saviour
To bid these children welcome!
But there are many thousands who
have never learned His name;
The Bible they have never read;
They know not that the Saviour said,
'Suffer little children
To come unto Me.'

4 O soon may the heathen,
Of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast
their idols all away;
O shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love;
Teach the little children
To come unto Thee.

WILLIAM MEDLEN HUTCHINGS, 1827–76.

660

77. 77. and refrain.

JESUS loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
Then His little child will take
Up to heaven, for His dear sake.

ANNA BARTLETT WARNER, 1820–1915.

661

87. 87. D.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
We are come to sing to Thee;
Thou art great and high and holy;
O how solemn we should be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where He is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions too.
Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

MARTHA EVANS SHELLY, 1812–?.

662

77. 77.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–88.

663

65. 65.

DO no sinful action;
Speak no angry word;
Ye belong to Jesus,
Children of the Lord.

2 Christ is kind and gentle,
Christ is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

3 There 's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

4 But ye must not hear him,
Though 't is hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

5 Christ is your own Master;
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER,
1823–95.

664

65. 75.

GOD is always near me,
Hearing what I say,
Knowing all my thoughts and deeds,
All my work and play.

2 God is always near me;
In the darkest night
He can see me just the same
As by mid-day light.

3 God is always near me,
Though so young and small;
Not a look or word or thought,
But God knows it all.

PHILIPP BLISS, 1838–76.

665

77. 77.

JESUS, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child.
Thou hast sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

6 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

EMILY MARY SHAPCOTE,
1828–?

666

65. 65.

JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou shalt call us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.'

HARRIET BURN MCKEEVER,
1807–86.

667

85. 83.

JESUS, Friend of little children,
Be a friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to Thee.

2 Teach me how to grow in goodness
Daily as I grow;
Thou hast been a child, and surely
Thou dost know.

3 Never leave me nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

WALTER JOHN MATHAMS,
1853–

668

77. 77.

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep me, Lord, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

2 Loving Shepherd, Thou didst give
Thine own life that I might live;
May I love Thee day by day,
Gladly Thy sweet will obey.

3 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach me still Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my feet to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

4 Where Thou leadest may I go,
Walking in Thy steps below;
Then, before Thy Father's throne,
Jesus, claim me for Thine own.

JANE ELIZA LEESON, 1807–82.

669 . . . . 65. 65. and refrain.

IF I come to Jesus,
He will make me glad;
He will give me pleasure
When my heart is sad.
If I come to Jesus,
Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
Little ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly;
He my sins did bear.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE, 1820–1915.

670 . . . . 76. 887.

O WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:
Such grace to mine be given.

2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace to mine be given.

3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given.

4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

Anon.

671 . . . . . 55. 65. 64. 64.

JESUS bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world is darkness;
So let us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

2 Jesus bids us shine,
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim:
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around
Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—
Sin, and want, and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

SUSAN WARNER, 1819–85.

672 *Facing the World.* L. M.

GO forth to life, O child of earth,
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

2 Though passion fires are in thy soul,
Through Christ thou canst their flames control:
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Through Christ thou art more strong than they.

3 Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth ;
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth :
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy neighbour help, thy God revere.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–92.

673 *A Boy's Prayer.* 66. 66. D.

GOD, who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim ;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him :
Take the thanks of a boy.

2 Jesus, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer if I can :
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

3 Spirit of love and truth,
Breathing, in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay ;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray—
Take my spirit to Thee.

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING, 1859–1919.

674 76. 76. Trochaic.

LOOKING upward every day,
Sunshine on our faces ;
Pressing onward every day
Toward the heavenly places ;

2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy Name is holy ;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly ;

3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother ;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another ;

4 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder ;
Running swifter every day ;
Growing purer, kinder,—

5 Lord, so pray we every day :
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we enter in at last
To the holy city.

MARY BUTLER, 1841–1916.

675 *A School Hymn.* C. M.

O JESUS, strong and pure and true,
Before Thy feet we bow ;
The grace of earlier years renew,
And lead us onward now.

2 The joyous life that year by year
Within these walls is stored,
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,
We bring to Thee, O Lord.

3 Our faith endow with keener powers,
With warmer glow our love ;
And draw these halting hearts of ours
From earth to things above.

4 In paths our bravest ones have trod,
O make us strong to go,
That we may give our lives to God,
In serving man below.

5 Scorn we the selfish aim or choice,
And love's high precept keep,
'Rejoice with those that do rejoice,
And weep with those that weep.'

6 So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,
As from a full-fed spring,
To make the world a better place,
And life a worthier thing.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823–97.

676 *Commemoration.* 11 10. 11 10. Dactylic.

PRAISE to our God, who with love never swerving
Guides our endeavours, enfolds us from harm,
Peace and prosperity, past our deserving,
Showering upon us with bountiful arm.

2 Gone are the labours, the joy, and the sorrow ;
Lo, at the end we draw near to adore,
Ere our full life is begun on the morrow,
Childhood behind us and manhood before.

3 Shepherd of souls, O Door of salvation,
Keep Thou Thy flock in Thine infinite care,
Fold them as one in their last adoration,
Ere in the distance divided they fare.

4 Though nevermore in one place all may gather,
Though in life's battle we struggle apart,
One be our Saviour, and One be our Father,
Bind us together in faith and in heart.

HERBERT BRANSTON GRAY, 1851–

677 *Beginning of Term.* 87. 87. 47.

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In Thy love, and faith, and fear;
Still protect us
By Thy presence ever near.

2 For Thy mercy we adore Thee,
For this rest upon our way;
Lord, again we bow before Thee,
Speed our labours day by day;
Mind and spirit
With Thy choicest gifts array.

3 Keep the spell of home affection
Still alive in every heart;
May its power, with mild direction,
Draw our love from self apart,
Till Thy children
Feel that Thou their Father art.

4 Break temptation's fatal power,
Shielding all with guardian care,
Safe in every careless hour,
Safe from sloth and sensual snare:
Thou, our Saviour,
Still our failing strength repair.

HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL, 1803–71.

678 *End of Term.* 87. 87. 47.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that 's lost may all retrieve;
May Thy children
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

2 Bless Thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure;
Pure and blameless may it be;
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to Thee.

3 By Thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish,
By Thy mightier power restrained;
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

4 Let Thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store;
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL, 1803–71.

MISSION SERVICES

679

S. M.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord :
Thy mighty arm make bare ;
Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord :
Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
And hungering for the Bread of Life
O may our spirits be.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord :
Exalt Thy precious Name ;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord :
Give power unto Thy word ;
Grant that Thy blessèd Gospel may
In living faith be heard.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord :
And give refreshing showers :
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1825–1909.

680

73. 73. 77. 73.

WE have heard a joyful sound,—
'Jesus saves!'
Spread the gladness all around :
'Jesus saves!'
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves ;
Onward!—'tis our Lord's command.
Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide :
'Jesus saves!'
Tell to sinners far and wide,
'Jesus saves!'
Sing, ye islands of the sea ;
Echo back, ye ocean caves ;
Earth shall keep her jubilee :
Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battle's strife
'Jesus saves!
By His death and endless life
Jesus saves!'
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves ;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
'Jesus saves!'

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
'Jesus saves!'
Let the nations now rejoice :
Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free
To every strand that ocean laves,—
This our song of victory,
'Jesus saves!'

PRISCILLA JANE OWENS, 1829–?.

681

11 10. 11 10. and refrain, Dactylic.

RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying ;
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave ;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen ;
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save:
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying ;
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive ;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently ;
He will forgive, if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing—duty demands it ;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide ;

Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE, 1820–1915.

682

76. 76.

TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child;
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless, and defiled.

3 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.

4 Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

5 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.

6 Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

7 Tell me the same old story
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.

8 Yes, and, when that world's glory
Shall dawn upon my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'

KATE HANKEY, 1834–1911.

683

87. 87. and refrain.

I WILL sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,—
How He left the realms of glory,
For the Cross on Calvary.
Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,—
Sing it with His saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost: but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Raised me up and gently led me
Back into the narrow way.

3 Faint was I, and fears possessed me,
Bruised was I from many a fall;
Hope was gone, and shame distressed me:
But His love has pardoned all.

4 Days of darkness still may meet me,
Sorrow's paths I oft may tread;
But His presence still is with me,
By His guiding hand I'm led.

5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet:
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Made by grace for glory meet.

FRANCIS HAROLD ROWLEY, 1854–

684

76. 76. D.

TO-DAY Thy mercy calls us
To wash away our sin,
However great our trespass,
Whatever we have been;
However long from mercy
We may have turned away,
Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse us,
And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 O all-embracing Mercy,
Thou ever-open Door,
What should we do without Thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against us,
To drive us to despair,
We know one gate is open,
One ear will hear our prayer.

OSWALD ALLEN, 1816–78.

685

97. 97. 99. Irr.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;

Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 'Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?'
But the Shepherd made answer, 'This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep.'

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

4 'Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?'
'They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.'
'Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?'
'They are pierced to-night by many a thorn.'

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice, I have found My sheep.'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own.'

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE, 1830–69.

686

64. 64.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1808–95.

687

87. 87. 3.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free,—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops descend on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favour;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O forgive and rescue me,
Even me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1824–1919.

688

11 10. 11 10. Dactylic.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE, 1779–1852, and THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872.

689

S. M. and refrain.

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.
I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

3 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

LEWIS HARTSOUGH, 1828–72.

690

77. 75.

THOU who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy Cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1823–64.

691

76. 86. 86. 86.

BENEATH the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within a wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the exiled patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me—
A ladder up to heaven.

3 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart, with tears,
Two wonders I confess—
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

4 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face:

Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss—
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all, the Cross.

ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE, 1830–69.

692 C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me;

7 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed, by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731–1800.

693 77. 78.

MAN of Sorrows! wondrous Name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood,
Sealed my pardon with His blood:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3 Guilty, vile, and helpless we;
Spotless Lamb of God was He:
Full atonement,—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 Lifted up was He to die,
'It is finished' was His cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,
All His ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing,
'Hallelujah! what a Saviour!'

PHILIPP BLISS, 1838–76.

694 76. 76. D.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens, and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be, like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–89.

695 85. 83.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee,
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon :
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

4 I am trusting Thee for power :
Thine can never fail ;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus ;
Never let me fall ;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–79.

696

65. 65. D.

JESUS, I will trust Thee,—
Trust Thee with my soul ;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven
Or on earth like Thee ;
Thou hast died for sinners—
Therefore, Lord, for me.

2 Jesus, I will trust Thee ;
Name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel
At Thy wondrous birth,
Written, and for ever,
On Thy Cross of shame :
Sinners read and worship,
Trusting in that Name.

3 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Pondering Thy ways
Full of love and mercy
All Thine earthly days.
Sinners gathered round Thee,
Lepers sought Thy face,
None too vile or loathsome
For a Saviour's grace.

4 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust without a doubt ;
Whosoever cometh
Thou wilt not cast out.
Faithful is Thy promise ;
Precious is Thy blood ;
These my soul's salvation,
Thou my Saviour God !

MARY JANE WALKER, ?–1878.

697

L. M. and refrain.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust my sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

EDWARD MOTE, 1797–1874.

698

88. 87.

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath planned ;
I only know at His right hand
Stands One who is my Saviour.

2 I take God at His word and deed :
'Christ died to save me', this I read ;
And in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour.

3 And was there then no other way
For God to take ?—I cannot say ;
I only bless Him, day by day,
Who saved me through my Saviour.

4 That He should leave His place on high
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange ?—so do not I,
Since I have known my Saviour.

5 And O that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour !

6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace, from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL, 1821–82.

699

C. M. and refrain.

O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy, I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me!
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee.

2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee;
But, while I passed my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.

3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah, the waters failed:
Even as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.

4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

B. E.

700

64. 64. and refrain.

I NEED Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice but Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour;
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, 1835–1918. Refrain added.

701

87. 87. D.

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Jesus only is our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1820–86.

702

84. 84. 8884.

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour
All will be well.
Free and changeless is His favour;
All, all is well.
Precious is the blood that healed us,
Perfect is the grace that sealed us,
Strong the hand stretched forth to shield us;
All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well.
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well.
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding;
All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well.
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
'All, all is well.'

On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All must be well.

MARY PETERS, 1813–56.

703

88. 88. D. Anapaestic.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with Thy righteousness on,
My person and offering to bring.
The terrors of law and of God
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

2 The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet.
Things future, nor things that are now,
Nor all things below or above,
Can make Him His purpose forgo,
Or sever my soul from His love.

3 My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740–78.

704

11 11. 11 12. and refrain.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you;
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's Name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, 1834–1907.

705

87. 87. D.

I'VE found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him;
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which nought can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
The eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,
So kind, and true, and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!

From Him who loves me now so
well
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or
hell?
No! I am His for ever.

JAMES GRINDLAY SMALL,
1817–88.

706

77. 77. 77.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, 'Be
still!'.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee.'

EDWARD HOPPER, 1818–88.

707

76. 76. D. and refrain.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea!
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there,—
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

FRANCES JANE VAN ALSTYNE,
1820–1915.

DOXOLOGIES

708

87. 87. 447.

NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live,
Be the Kingdom
And dominion
And the glory evermore.

SAMUEL MILLER WARING, 1792–1827.

709

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711.

710

66. 66. 88.

NOW to the King of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise;
To Him be glory given,
Power, majesty, and praise;
Wide as He reigns
His Name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–51, and ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

711

C. M.

TO Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748.

712

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen.

713

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts:
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high!

ANCIENT HYMNS AND CANTICLES

The Canticles are pointed for Anglican chanting only.

714 BENEDICTUS

St. Luke i. 68–79.

FIRST FORM

BLESSÈD be the | Lord · God of | Isra-el : || for He hath | visited · and re- | deemed His | people ; ||

2 And hath raised up an horn of salvation | for us || in the | house of His | servant | David ; ||

3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets : || which have | been · since the | world be- | gan ; ||

4 That we should be | saved · from our | ene-mies : || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us ; ||

5 To perform the mercy promised to our fathers * and to remember His | holy | cove-nant ; ||

6 The oath which He sware to our father | Abra-ham that | He would · grant | unto · us, ||

7 That we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might | serve Him with-out | fear ; ||

8 In holiness and righteousness before Him, | all the | days of our | life. ||

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the | prophet · of the | Highest : || for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord · to pre- | pare His | ways ; ||

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people || by | the re- | mission · of their | sins, ||

11 Through the tender | mercy · of our | God : || whereby the | dayspring · from on | high hath | visited · us, ||

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow of | death : || to guide our | feet in-to the | way of | peace. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

SECOND FORM

BLESSÈD be the | Lord · God of | Isra-el : || for He hath | visited · and re- | deemed His | people ; ||

2 And hath raised up a mighty salvation | for us || in the | house of His | servant | David ; ||

3 As He spake by the mouth of His | holy | prophets : || which have | been · since the | world be- | gan ; ||

4 That we should be | saved · from our | ene-mies, || and from the | hands of | all that | hate us ; ||

5 To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers * and to remember His | holy | cove-nant ; ||

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | Abra-ham that | He would | give us, ||

7 That we, being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might | serve Him with-out | fear ; ||

8 In holiness and righteousness before Him, | all the | days of our | life. ||

9 And thou, child, shalt be called the | prophet · of the | Highest : || for thou shalt go before the face of the | Lord · to pre- | pare His | ways ; ||

10 To give knowledge of salvation | unto His | people : || for | the re- | mission · of their | sins, ||

11 Through the tender | mercy · of our | God : || whereby the | dayspring · from on | high hath | visited · us, ||

12 To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the | shadow of | death : || and to guide our | feet in-to the | way of | peace. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

715 MAGNIFICAT

St. Luke i. 46–55.

FIRST FORM

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,* and my spirit hath rejoiced in | God my | Saviour. ||

2 For He hath regarded the | low es-tate | of His | hand-maiden : ||

3 For, be- | hold, from | henceforth || all gener- | ations · shall | call me | blessèd. ||

4 For He that is mighty hath | done to me | great things ; || and | holy | is His | Name. ||

5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him || from gener- | ation to | gener- | ation. ||

6 He hath shewed | strength · with His | arm ; || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts. ||

7 He hath put down the | mighty · from their | seats, || and ex- | alted · them of | low de- | gree. ||

8 He hath filled the | hungry with | good things ; || and the | rich He · hath sent | empty a- | way. ||

9 He hath holpen His servant Israel in re- | membrance · of His | mercy ; ||

10 As He spake to our fathers, to | Abraham · and to his | seed for | ever. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

SECOND FORM

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,* and my spirit hath rejoiced in | God my | Saviour. ||

2 For He hath regarded the | lowliness | of His | hand-maiden. ||

3 For be- | hold from | henceforth || all gener- | ations · shall | call me | blessèd. ||

4 For He that is | mighty · hath | magnified · me ; || and | holy | is His | Name. ||

5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him || through- | out all | generations. ||

6 He hath shewed | strength · with His | arm ; || He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- | nation | of their | hearts. ||

7 He hath put down the | mighty · from their | seat, || and hath ex- | alted the | humble and | meek. ||

8 He hath filled the | hungry with | good things ; || and the | rich He · hath sent | empty a- | way. ||

9 He remembering His mercy hath holpen His | servant | Isra-el : || as He promised to our forefathers, | Abraham · and his | seed for | ever. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

716

NUNC DIMITTIS

St. Luke ii. 29–32.

FIRST FORM

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,* ac- | cording · to Thy | word. ||

2 For mine | eyes have | seen Thy sal- | vation, ||

3 Which Thou hast prepared before the | face of · all | people ; ||

4 A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the | glory · of Thy | people | Isra-el. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

SECOND FORM

LORD, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,* ac- | cording · to Thy | word : ||

2 For mine | eyes have | seen Thy sal- | vation, ||

3 Which Thou hast prepared before the | face of · all | people ; ||

4 To be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the | glory · of Thy | people | Isra-el. ||

Glory | be · to the | Father, || and to the Son, | and · to the | Holy | Ghost ; ||

As it | was in · the be- | ginning, || is now, and ever shall be : | world with-out | end. A- | men. ||

717

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

GLORY be to | God on | high, || and in earth | peace, good- | will · towards | men. ||

2 We | praise Thee · we | bless Thee, || we | worship · Thee, we | glorify | Thee, ||

3 We give thanks to Thee for | Thy great | glory. ||

4 O Lord God, heavenly King, | God the | Father Al- | mighty. ||

5 O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ ; ||
6 O Lord God, | Lamb of · God, | Son of the | Father, ||
7 That takest away the sins of the world, have | mer-cy up- | on us. ||
8 Thou that takest away the sins of the | world, have | mer-cy up- | on us. ||
9 Thou that takest away the sins of the world, re- | ceive our | prayer. ||
10 Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the | Father · have | mer-cy up- | on us. ||
11 For Thou only art holy, Thou only | art the | Lord ; ||
12 Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the | glory of | God the | Father. ||

718

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

WE praise | Thee, O | God ; || we ac- | knowledge · Thee to | be the | Lord. ||

2 All the | earth doth | worship · Thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting. ||

3 To Thee all angels | cry a- | loud ; || the | heavens · and | all the | powers there-in. ||

4 To Thee | cheru-bin and | seraph-in || con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry, ||

5 'Holy, holy, holy ; Lord | God of Sa- | baoth ; ||
6 Heaven and earth are full of the | majesty | of Thy | glory.' ||
7 The glorious company of the a- | postles | praise Thee. ||
8 The goodly | fellowship · of the | prophets | praise Thee. ||
9 The noble army of | martyrs | praise Thee. ||
10 The holy Church throughout | all the | world · doth ac- | knowledge · Thee ; ||
11 The Father of an | infinite | majes-ty ; ||
12 Thine honourable, true, and only Son ; *(13) Also the | Holy | Ghost the | Comfort-er. ||
14 Thou art the King of | Glory · O | Christ ; ||
15 Thou art the ever- | lasting | Son · of the | Father. ||

16 When Thou tookest upon Thee to de- | liver | man, || Thou didst not ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb. ||
17 When Thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of | death, || Thou didst open the Kingdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers. ||
18 Thou sittest at the | right · hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father. ||
19 We believe that Thou shalt | come to · be our | Judge. ||
20 We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast re- | deemed · with Thy | precious | blood. ||
21 Make them to be | numbered · with Thy | saints || in | glory | ever- | lasting. ||
22 O Lord, save Thy people, and | bless Thine | herit-age. ||
23 Govern them and | lift them | up for | ever. ||
24 Day by | day we | magnify · Thee ; ||
25 And we worship Thy | Name · ever | world with-out | end. ||
26 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this | day with-out | sin. ||
27 O Lord, have mercy up- | on us · have | mer-cy up- | on us. ||
28 O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our | trust · is in | Thee. ||
29 O Lord, in Thee have I trusted ; let me | never | be con- | founded. ||

719

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA

Daniel iii. (Greek Version.)

O ALL ye works of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

2 O ye angels of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

3 O ye heavens, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

4 O ye waters that be above the firmament, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

5 O all ye powers of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

6 O ye sun and moon, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

7 O ye stars of heaven, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

8 O ye showers and dew, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

9 O ye winds of God, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

10 O ye fire and heat, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

11 O ye winter and summer, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

12 O ye dews and frosts, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

13 O ye frost and cold, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

14 O ye ice and snow, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

15 O ye nights and days, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

16 O ye light and darkness, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

17 O ye lightnings and clouds, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

18 O let the earth | bless the | Lord : ||
Yea, let it praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

19 O ye mountains and hills, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

20 O all ye green things upon the earth, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

21 O ye wells, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

22 O ye seas and floods, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

23 O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

24 O all ye fowls of the air, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

25 O all ye beasts and cattle, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

26 O ye children of men, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

27 O let Israel | bless the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

28 O ye priests of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

29 O ye servants of the Lord, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

30 O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

31 O ye holy and humble men of heart, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

32 O Ananias, Azarias, and Misael, | bless ye the | Lord : ||
Praise Him, and | magnify | Him for | ever. ||

Glory be to the Father, | and to the | Son : || and to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ; ||
As it was in the beginning, | is now, and ev-er | shall be : || world without | end. A- | men. ||

720

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

Exodus xx.

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not kill.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not steal.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

721

THE COMMANDMENTS OF THE LORD JESUS

St. Matthew xxii; St. Mark xii; St. John xiii.

JESUS said: The first of all the commandments is: The Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

And the second is like unto it, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.

A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

722

THE BEATITUDES

St. Matthew v.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.

Grant us this grace, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Write these words in our hearts, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

723

THE LORD'S PRAYER

St. Matthew vi. 9–13.

FIRST FORM

OUR Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil :
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

SECOND FORM

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come.
Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil :
For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

724

THE APOSTLES' CREED

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth ;
And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried ; He descended into hell ; The third day He rose again from the dead ; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholic Church ; The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body ; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

725

THE NICENE CREED

I BELIEVE in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, And of all things visible and invisible :
And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made : Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day He rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead : Whose Kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins. And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the Life of the world to come. Amen.

COUNCIL OF NICÆA, A.D. 325.

726 Πατέρων ὕμνος.

Ecclesiasticus xliv.

LET us now praise | famous | men : ||
and our | fathers | that be- | gat us. ||

2 The Lord hath wrought great | glory | by them : || through His great | power | from the be- | ginning. ||

3 Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men re- | nowned · for their | power : ||

4 Giving counsel by their under- | standing · and de- | claring | prophe-cies : ||

5 Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning | meet for the | people : ||
wise and | eloquent | in their in- | structions : ||

6 Such as found out | musical | tunes : || and re- | cited | verses in | writing : ||

7 Rich men | furnished · with a- | bility : || living | peaceably | in their · habi- | tations : ||

8 All these were honoured in their generations, and were the | glory · of their | times. ||

9 There be of them that have left a name behind them that their | praises | might be re- | ported : ||

And some there be which | have no me- | morial ; ||
Who are perished, as | though · they had | never | been, ||

10 And are become as though they had | never been | born : || and their | children | after | them. ||

11 But these were | merciful | men : ||
whose righteousness | hath not | been for- | gotten. ||

12 With their seed shall continually remain a | good in- | herit-ance : || their | children · are with- | in the | cove-nant. ||

13 Their | seed · standeth | fast : || and their | children | for their | sakes. ||

14 Their seed shall re- | main for | ever : || and their | glory shall · not be | blotted | out. ||

15 Their bodies are | buried in | peace : || but their name | liveth for | ever- | more. ||

16 The people will | tell of their | wisdom : || and the congre- | gation · will shew | forth their | praise. ||

727

Numbers vi.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee : the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

728 Amen.

HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG

THE following hymns are suggested as suitable for use as Hymns for the Young in Public Worship, and in Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, Guilds, and other meetings for the young. Hymns marked * are more suitable for Children, those marked † for Adolescents.

The Holy Trinity

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty
2 †Round the Lord in glory seated
7 Glory be to God the Father

God in Creation, Providence, and Redemption

9 O worship the King all-glorious above
10 †The spacious firmament on high
11 Let us with a gladsome mind
12 †Immortal, invisible, God only wise
13 All creatures of our God and King
14 The strain upraise of joy and praise
15 Let all the world in every corner sing
16 Praise the Lord, His glories show
17 For the beauty of the earth
18 *All things bright and beautiful
19 †O Lord of heaven and earth and sea
20 *God who made the earth
21 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven
22 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation
23 Sing to the Lord a joyful song
28 A gladsome hymn of praise we sing
29 Now thank we all our God
35 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him
37 *Above the clear blue sky
38 Songs of praise the angels sang

The Lord Jesus Christ

His Incarnation

40 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes
41 All my heart this night rejoices
42 While humble shepherds watched their flocks
43 In the field with their flocks abiding
44 *Little children, wake and listen
45 The first Nowell the angel did say
46 Hark! the herald angels sing
47 It came upon the midnight clear
48 O little town of Bethlehem
49 Still the night, holy the night
50 In the bleak mid-winter
51 See! in yonder manger low
53 Child in the manger
55 O come, all ye faithful
56 From heaven above to earth I come
57 The race that long in darkness pined
58 Good Christian men, rejoice
63 As with gladness men of old
64 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning
65 Angels from the realms of glory
66 From the eastern mountains

His Life and Example

67 Thou didst leave Thy throne
68 *There came a little Child to earth
69 *Once in royal David's city
70 *Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
71 *I love to hear the story
74 O sing a song of Bethlehem
75 †Ye fair green hills of Galilee
76 *Behold a little Child
77 Who is He, in yonder stall
80 †It fell upon a summer day
81 *God, who hath made the daisies
82 *I think, when I read that sweet story of old
85 When the Lord of Love was here
86 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
87 †What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
90 †Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee
91 All glory, laud, and honour
93 *Hosanna, loud hosanna

His Sufferings and Death

105 There is a green hill far away
106 †When I survey the wondrous Cross

His Resurrection

115 'Welcome, happy morning!'—age to age shall say
116 Blest morning, whose first dawning rays
117 On wings of living light
118 'Christ the Lord is risen to-day'
119 Jesus Christ is risen to-day
120 'The Lord is risen indeed'
122 The strife is o'er, the battle done
124 O sons and daughters, let us sing

His Ascension and Exaltation

130 The golden gates are lifted up
131 †The Head that once was crowned with thorns
133 *Golden harps are sounding
134 †Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious
135 Rejoice, the Lord is King
136 Crown Him with many crowns
137 Blest be the everlasting God

His Sympathy and Intercession

145 One there is, above all others
146 †O Son of Man, our Hero strong and tender

His Coming in Power

149 O come, O come, Immanuel!
150 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus
151 †The Lord will come and not be slow
153 †'Thy Kingdom come!'—on bended knee
154 †Hail to the Lord's Anointed
155 †Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
158 *When He cometh, when He cometh

His Praise

167 When morning gilds the skies
168 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim
177 *Come, children, join to sing
178 †In the Name of Jesus

The Holy Spirit

180 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
182 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire
187 †Gracious Spirit, dwell with me
188 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove
189 *Holy Spirit, hear us
193 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

The Holy Scriptures

198 †O Word of God Incarnate
199 Lord, Thy Word abideth
204 Holy Father, Thou hast given

The Church

The Communion of Saints

220 †For all the saints who from their labours rest
221 †Ten thousand times ten thousand
223 How bright these glorious spirits shine

Worship

The Sanctuary

228 From all that dwell below the skies
229 All people that on earth do dwell
230 †Before Jehovah's awful throne
231 †All lands and peoples, all the earth
233 †Stand up, and bless the Lord
236 We love the place, O God
237 Again the morn of gladness
238 *Lord, this day Thy children meet
248 Jesus, stand among us
251 *Hushed was the evening hymn

Morning

256 †Awake, my soul, and with the sun
257 †All praise to Thee who safe hast kept
258 Now that the daylight fills the sky
263 †Father, we praise Thee, now the night is over
264 O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice
268 O day of rest and gladness
270 The darkness now is over

Evening

273 The sun declines; o'er land and sea
278 Now cheer our hearts this eventide
280 †Now God be with us, for the night is closing
288 *Now the day is over
289 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended
291 All praise to Thee, my God, this night
292 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear
294 Ere I sleep, for every favour

Close of Worship

300 †Now may He who from the dead
301 †Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise

The Service of the Kingdom

341 †Soldiers of the Cross, arise
344 †Rise up, O men of God
345 †Fountain of good, to own Thy love
346 †We give Thee but Thine own
347 Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest
349 †Father, who on man dost shower
351 †From Thee all skill and science flow
352 †Thou to whom the sick and dying
353 †Father, whose will is life and good
361 *Dear Master, what can children do
362 *The fields are all white
363 *The wise may bring their learning

Missions

364 Thou whose almighty word
365 Behold! the mountain of the Lord
371 From Greenland's icy mountains
372 †Hills of the North, rejoice
373 †Far round the world Thy children sing their song
374 *Once again, dear Lord, we pray
375 *God of heaven, hear our singing
380 †God is working His purpose out
388 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun

The Christian Life

The Gospel Call

398 †The Lord is rich and merciful

Love and Gratitude

423 O Jesus, King most wonderful
436 *It is a thing most wonderful
437 *Saviour, teach me day by day

Peace and Joy

438 †The King of Love my Shepherd is

Prayer, Aspiration, and Holiness

454 †O God, Thou art the Father
460 †Dear Master, in whose life I see
462 Jesus, meek and gentle
465 *Blessèd Jesus, high in glory
468 *Jesus, Saviour ever mild
469 *Jesus, from Thy throne on high
476 †Saviour, blessèd Saviour
477 †Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart
478 Blest are the pure in heart
480 *There is a city bright
481 Father of peace, and God of love
483 Behold the amazing gift of love

Brotherly Love

485 †O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother
486 Our Father, Thy dear Name doth show
487 †O God of mercy, God of might
489 †Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
491 †Almighty Father, who dost give
492 †O God our Father, throned on high
493 †Father of men, in whom are one

Consecration and Discipleship

494 Fair waved the golden corn
495 *Saviour, while my heart is tender
497 †Just as I am, Thine own to be
498 †Lord, in the fulness of my might
506 †I bind unto myself to-day
507 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
508 †O Jesus, I have promised
509 †Jesus, Master, whose I am
512 †Take my life, and let it be
514 †Through good report and evil, Lord
516 *We are but little children weak
517 †Fight the good fight

Conflict and Victory

519 †Who is on the Lord's side
521 †Believing fathers oft have told
527 †God is my strong salvation
529 †Courage, brother! do not stumble
530 †The Son of God goes forth to war
531 †O God of Truth, whose living word
532 †Stand up! stand up for Jesus
534 †Soldiers of Christ, arise
535 †Onward! Christian soldiers
537 †March on, my soul, with strength
538 *Brightly gleams our banner

Trust and Resignation

550 *Great God! and wilt Thou condescend
552 *Jesus is our Shepherd
554 *Saviour, like a shepherd lead us

Pilgrimage and Rest

562 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
565 *Father, lead me day by day
569 *Lead, holy Shepherd, lead us
573 *When from Egypt's house of bondage
574 Children of the heavenly King
575 *The world looks very beautiful

576 †Who would true valour see
577 †O happy band of pilgrims
578 *Whither, pilgrims, are you going
579 Forward! be our watchword

Death, Resurrection, and the Life Everlasting

587 *There is a happy land
591 *Every morning the red sun
593 *There 's a Friend for little children
600 *Around the throne of God in heaven

Times and Seasons

605 At Thy feet, our God and Father
612 The summer days are come again
613 Summer suns are glowing
617 Fountain of mercy, God of love
618 We plough the fields, and scatter
620 Praise, O praise our God and King

Travellers and the Absent

626 Eternal Father, strong to save
629 Holy Father, in Thy mercy

National Hymns

631 God save our gracious King
632 God bless our native land
640 †And did those feet in ancient time
647 Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee

Home and School

651 †Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go
653 *The morning bright
654 *Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me
655 *Lord, I would own Thy tender care
656 Be present at our table, Lord
657 *Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
658 *Children of Jerusalem
659 *When mothers of Salem
660 *Jesus loves me! this I know
661 *Lord, a little band and lowly
662 *Gentle Jesus, meek and mild
663 *Do no sinful action
664 *God is always near me
665 *Jesus, holy, undefiled
666 *Jesus, high in glory
667 *Jesus, Friend of little children
668 *Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep
669 *If I come to Jesus
670 *O what can little hands do
671 *Jesus bids us shine
672 †Go forth to life, O child of earth
673 God, who created me
674 *Looking upward every day
675 †O Jesus, strong and pure and true
676 †Praise to our God, who with love never swerving
677 †Lord, behold us with Thy blessing
678 †Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing

Ancient Hymns and Canticles

714 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel
715 My soul doth magnify the Lord
716 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace
717 Glory be to God on high
718 We praise Thee, O God
719 O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord
720 God spake all these words, saying
721 Jesus said: The first of all the commandments is
722 Blessed are the poor in spirit
723 Our Father which art in heaven
724 I believe in God the Father Almighty
725 I believe in one God the Father Almighty
726 Let us now praise famous men
727 The Lord bless thee, and keep thee

INDEX OF FIRST WORDS

Brackets indicate that the first line in some collections begins thus.

518 A CHARGE to keep I have,
703 A debtor to mercy alone,
28 A gladsome hymn of praise we sing,
305 A little child the Saviour came,
526 A safe stronghold our God is still
560 A Sovereign Protector I have,
286 Abide with me ;
37 Above the clear blue sky,
313 According to Thy gracious word,
275 Again, as evening's shadow falls,
237 Again the morn of gladness,
13 All creatures of our God and King,
91 All glory, laud, and honour
139 All hail, the power of Jesus' Name !
609 All is bright and cheerful round us ;
231 All lands and peoples, all the earth,
41 All my heart this night rejoices,
448 All my hope on God is founded ;
229 All people that on earth do dwell,
291 All praise to Thee, my God,
257 All praise to Thee who safe hast kept,
254 All things are Thine ;
18 All things bright and beautiful,
138 Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !
503 Almighty Father of all things
491 Almighty Father, who dost give
295 Almighty God, Thy word is cast
728 Amen
110 And can it be, that I should gain
640 And did those feet in ancient time
144 And didst Thou love the race
103 And now, belovèd Lord,
320 And now, O Father,
296 And now the wants are told
252 Angel voices, ever singing
65 Angels from the realms of glory,
451 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
369 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
600 Around the throne of God
391 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
276 As darker, darker fall around
274 As now the sun's declining rays
63 As with gladness men of old
277 At even, when the sun was set,
99 At the Cross, her station keeping,
178 (At the Name of Jesus)
265 At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
605 At Thy feet, our God and Father
317 Author of life divine,
256 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
657 Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,

656 BE present at our table, Lord,
556 Be still, my soul : the Lord
477 Be Thou my Vision, O Lord
230 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
271 Before the day draws near its ending,
76 Behold a little Child,
483 Behold the amazing gift of love
365 Behold ! the mountain of the Lord
242 Behold us, Lord, a little space
521 Believing fathers oft have told
488 Belovèd, let us love : love is of God ;
691 Beneath the Cross of Jesus
722 Blessed are the poor in spirit :
714 Blessed be the Lord God of Israel :
307 Blessèd Jesus, here we stand,
465 Blessèd Jesus, high in glory,
169 Blessing and honour and glory
478 Blest are the pure in heart,
137 Blest be the everlasting God,
490 Blest be the tie that binds
116 Blest morning, whose first dawning rays
342 Bowed low in supplication,
318 Bread of the world, in mercy broken
202 Break Thou the bread of life,
194 Breathe on me, Breath of God ;
597 Brief life is here our portion,
2 (Bright the vision that delighted)
64 Brightest and best of the sons
538 Brightly gleams our banner,
322 By Christ redeemed,
309 By cool Siloam's shady rill
114 By Jesus' grave on either hand,
104 By the Cross of Jesus standing,

53 CHILD in the manger,
658 Children of Jerusalem
574 Children of the heavenly King,
163 Christ is coming ! let creation
207 Christ is made the sure foundation,
179 Christ is the world's Redeemer,
118 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
261 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,
523 Christian, seek not yet repose ;
343 Christian, work for Jesus,
54 Christians, awake,

209 City of God, how broad and far
177 Come, children, join to sing
297 Come, dearest Lord, descend
191 Come down, O Love Divine,
188 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
196 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts
182 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls
190 Come, Holy Spirit, come ;
175 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
400 Come, let us to the Lord our God
450 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare ;
416 Come, O Thou Traveller unknown,
70 Come, praise your Lord
435 Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
186 Come, Thou Holy Paraclete,
150 Come, Thou long-expected Jesus,
390 Come unto Me, ye weary,
447 Come, we that love the Lord,
688 Come, ye disconsolate,
393 Come, ye sinners,
392 Come, ye souls by sin afflicted,
619 Come, ye thankful people, come,
241 Command Thy blessing from above,
546 Commit thou all thy griefs
529 Courage, brother ! do not stumble,
184 Creator Spirit ! by whose aid
136 Crown Him with many crowns,

112 DARK the day on Calvary's Cross
585 Days and moments quickly flying
245 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
460 Dear Master, in whose life I see
361 Dear Master, what can children do ?
246 Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
324 Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness
354 Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord,
663 Do no sinful action ;

250 ENTER Thy courts, Thou Word
294 Ere I sleep, for every favour
626 Eternal Father, strong to save,
36 Eternal Light ! eternal Light !
489 Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
591 Every morning the red sun

494 FAIR waved the golden corn
572 Far off I see the goal
373 Far round the world Thy children sing their song
243 Father, again in Jesus' Name
645 Father Eternal, Ruler of Creation,
548 Father, I know that all my life
647 (Father in heaven, who lovest all,)
283 Father, in high heaven dwelling,
565 Father, lead me, day by day,
606 Father, let me dedicate
213 Father of all, from land and sea
Father of heaven, whose love
493 Father of men, in whom are one
481 Father of peace, and God of love
650 Father, our children keep
263 Father, we praise Thee,
630 Father, who art alone
349 Father, who on man dost shower
353 Father, whose will is life and good
217 Fear not, thou faithful Christian flock
83 Fierce raged the tempest
84 Fierce was the wild billow,
517 Fight the good fight
383 Fling out the banner ! let it float
220 For all the saints who from their labours rest,
610 For all Thy love and goodness,
583 For ever with the Lord !
370 For My sake and the Gospel's, go
17 For the beauty of the earth,
212 For the might of Thine arm we bless Thee
472 For Thee, my God, for Thee alone,
598 For thee, O dear, dear country
218 For those we love within the veil,
604 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
651 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
79 Forty days and forty nights
579 'Forward !' be our watchword,
345 Fountain of good, to own Thy love
617 Fountain of mercy, God of love,
228 From all that dwell below the skies
407 From depths of woe I raise to Thee
371 From Greenland's icy mountains,
56 From heaven above to earth I come,
596 From heavenly Jerusalem's towers,
66 From the eastern mountains,
351 From Thee all skill and science flow,

662 GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild
547 (Give to the winds thy fears ;)
206 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
717 Glory be to God on high :
7 Glory be to God the Father,
712 Glory be to the Father,
672 Go forth to life, O child of earth,
356 Go, labour on : spend and be spent,
59 God and Father, we adore Thee
624 God be with you till we meet again,
632 God bless our native land ;
664 God is always near me,
33 God is love : His mercy brightens
527 God is my strong salvation ;
380 God is working His purpose out,
31 God moves in a mysterious way.

642 God of Eternity, Lord of the Ages
375 God of heaven, hear our singing ;
379 God of mercy, God of grace,
637 God of our fathers, known of old,
240 God of pity, God of grace,
332 God of the living, in whose eyes
234 God reveals His presence
631 God save our gracious King,
720 God spake all these words,
293 God, that madest earth and heaven,
641 God the Omnipotent !
673 God, who created me
81 God, who hath made the daisies,
20 God, who made the earth,
133 Golden harps are sounding
58 Good Christian men, rejoice
310 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
187 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me !
484 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
550 Great God ! and wilt Thou condescend
366 Great God of Abraham,
607 Great God, we sing that mighty hand
643 Great King of nations,
246 (Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear)
564 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,

281 HAIL, gladdening Light,
269 Hail, sacred day of earthly rest,
266 Hail, thou bright and sacred morn,
154 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
126 Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
440 Happy are they, they that love God,
580 Hark, hark, my soul !
417 Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
40 Hark, the glad sound !
46 Hark, the herald angels sing,
389 Hark ! the song of jubilee,
129 He is gone—beyond the skies !
522 He liveth long who liveth well :
557 He that is down needs fear no fall,
225 He wants not friends that hath Thy love,
576 (He who would valiant be)
603 Heavenly Father, Thou hast brought us
347 Here Lord, we offer Thee
323 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee
372 Hills of the North, rejoice !
101 His are the thousand sparkling rills
555 Hold Thou my hands
282 Holy Father, cheer our way
629 Holy Father, in Thy mercy,
204 Holy Father, Thou hast given
1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty !
713 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts :
49 (Holy night, peaceful night)
189 Holy Spirit, hear us :
193 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine,
93 Hosanna, loud hosanna,
223 How bright these glorious spirits shine !
419 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
251 Hushed was the evening hymn,

698 I AM not skilled to understand
316 I am not worthy, holy Lord,
695 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
724 I believe in God the Father Almighty,
725 I believe in one God the Father Almighty,
506 I bind unto myself to-day
528 I feel the winds of God to-day
689 I hear Thy welcome voice
410 I heard the voice of Jesus say
694 I lay my sins on Jesus
427 I lift my heart to Thee
210 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
71 I love to hear the story
700 I need Thee every hour,
82 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
683 I will sing the wondrous story
669 If I come to Jesus,
541 If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
507 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
12 Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
141 Immortal Love, for ever full,
442 In heavenly love abiding
50 In the bleak mid-winter,
113 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
43 In the fields with their flocks abiding
525 In the hour of trial,
178 In the Name of Jesus
47 It came upon the midnight clear,
80 It fell upon a summer day,
436 It is a thing most wonderful,
705 I've found a Friend ;

595 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
599 Jerusalem the golden,
671 Jesus bids us shine
500 Jesus calls us ! O'er the tumult
119 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
667 Jesus, Friend of little children,
469 Jesus, from Thy throne on high,
666 Jesus, high in glory,
665 Jesus, holy, undefiled,
502 Jesus, I my cross have taken,

696 Jesus, I will trust Thee,
552 Jesus is our Shepherd,
121 Jesus lives! thy terrors now
524 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
127 Jesus, Lord, Redeemer,
414 Jesus, Lover of my soul
660 Jesus loves me! this I know,
509 Jesus, Master, whose I am,
462 Jesus, meek and gentle,
430 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All,
62 'Jesus!' Name of wondrous love;
721 Jesus said: The first of all the commandments is:
468 Jesus, Saviour ever mild,
706 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
388 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
248 Jesus, stand among us
567 Jesus, still lead on,
262 Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,
654 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
421 Jesus! the very thought is sweet,
422 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
418 Jesus, these eyes have never seen
420 Jesus, Thou Joy of loving hearts,
432 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
314 Jesus, to Thy table led,
399 Jesus, we are far away
247 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
208 Jesus, with Thy Church abide;
165 Join all the glorious names
636 Judge Eternal, throned in splendour,
497 Just as I am, Thine own to be
411 Just as I am, without one plea

201 LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace
647 Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
569 Lead, holy Shepherd, lead us,
568 Lead, kindly Light,
563 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
566 Lead us, O Father, in the paths
15 Let all the world in every corner sing,
227 Let saints on earth in concert sing
726 Let us now praise famous men:
11 Let us with a gladsome mind
385 Lift up your heads, ye gates
249 Light of the anxious heart,
381 Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart,
171 Light of the world!
443 Like a river glorious
44 Little children, wake and listen!
160 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending
544 Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
340 Look from the sphere of endless day,
203 Look upon us, blessèd Lord,
134 Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious;
674 Looking upward every day,
661 Lord, a little band and lowly,
90 Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
677 Lord, behold us with Thy blessing
299 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
678 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing
378 Lord, her watch Thy Church
687 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
655 Lord, I would own Thy tender care,
498 Lord, in the fulness of my might,
405 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
611 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants
549 Lord, it belongs not to my care
304 Lord, Jesus Christ, our Lord
403 Lord Jesus, think on me,
716 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace:
24 Lord of all being, throned afar,
652 Lord of Life and King of Glory,
337 Lord of light, whose Name
159 Lord of mercy and of might,
216 Lord of our life, and God
615 Lord of the harvest, once again
335 Lord of the living harvest
338 Lord, speak to me,
238 Lord, this day Thy children meet
404 Lord, Thy mercy now entreating,
199 Lord, Thy word abideth,
98 Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes,
633 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
52 Love came down at Christmas,
479 Love Divine, all loves excelling
434 Loved with everlasting love
668 Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep,

464 MAKE me a captive, Lord,
359 Maker of earth and sea and sky,
693 Man of Sorrows! wondrous Name
537 March on, my soul, with strength,
155 Mine eyes have seen the glory
533 Much in sorrow, oft in woe,
415 My faith looks up to Thee,
539 My God and Father, while I stray
311 My God, and is Thy table spread?
27 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
433 My God, I love Thee; not because
441 My God, I thank Thee,
449 My God, is any hour so sweet,
446 My heart is resting, O my God,
697 My hope is built on nothing less
95 My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet
715 My soul doth magnify the Lord:
463 My soul, there is a country
456 My spirit longs for Thee
551 My times are in Thy hand:

99 (NEAR the Cross was)
475 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
259 (New every morning is the love)
412 None other Lamb, none other Name,
429 Not what I am, O Lord,
278 Now cheer our hearts this eventide,
280 Now God be with us, for the night
300 Now may He who from the dead
614 Now sing we a song for the harvest:
29 Now thank we all our God,
258 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
260 Now that the daystar glimmers
288 Now the day is over,
330 Now the labourer's task is o'er,
708 Now to Him who loved us, gave us
710 Now to the King of heaven

719 O ALL ye works of the Lord,
244 O be with us, gracious Father,
226 O blest communion with the saints
485 O brother man, fold to thy heart
699 O Christ, in Thee my soul
545 O Christ, my God, who seest
55 O come, all ye faithful,
96 O come and mourn with me awhile;
149 O come, O come, Immanuel,
268 O day of rest and gladness,
326 O Father, all creating,
308 O Father, Thou who hast created all
457 O for a closer walk with God,
474 O for a faith that will not shrink
467 O for a heart to praise my God!
166 O for a thousand tongues, to sing
562 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
638 O God of earth and altar,
646 O God of love, O King of peace
325 O God of Love, to Thee we bow,
487 O God of mercy, God of might,
531 O God of truth, whose living word
492 O God our Father, throned on high,
601 O God, our help in ages past,
473 O God, Thou art my God alone;
454 O God, Thou art the Father
466 O grant us light, that we may know
577 O happy band of pilgrims,
499 O happy day, that fixed my choice
648 O happy home, where Thou art loved the dearest,
455 O help us, Lord; each hour of need
520 (O it is hard to work for God)
176 O Jesus, ever present,
409 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
508 O Jesus, I have promised
423 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
675 O Jesus, strong and pure and true,
397 O Jesus, Thou art standing
6 O King of kings, before whose throne
453 O King of mercy, from Thy throne
470 O Lamb of God, still keep me
542 O let him whose sorrow
458 O Light that knew no dawn,
172 O Light, whose beams illumine all
48 O little town of Bethlehem,
513 O Lord and Master of us all,
625 O Lord, be with us when we sail
543 O Lord, how happy should we be
570 O Lord, I sing Thy praises
19 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
355 O Lord of life, and love, and power,
264 O Lord of life, Thy quickening voice
331 O Lord of life, where'er they be,
376 O Lord our God, arise!
401 O Lord, turn not away Thy face
428 O Love Divine, how sweet thou art!
143 O Love Divine! that stooped to share
424 O Love that wilt not let me go,
496 O Love, who formedst me to wear
88 O Master, it is good to be
339 O Master, let me walk with Thee
102 O perfect life of love!
327 O perfect Love, all human thought
107 O sacred Head, sore wounded,
302 O Saviour, bless us ere we go;
425 O Saviour, I have nought to plead,
111 O Saviour, where shall guilty man
74 O sing a song of Bethlehem,
360 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
146 O Son of Man, our Hero strong
124 O sons and daughters, let us sing!
386 O Spirit of the living God,
368 O that the Lord's salvation
348 O Thou, before whose presence
402 O Thou, my Judge and King
471 O Thou who camest from above,
334 O Thou who makest souls to shine
426 O Thou, whose mercy found me,
259 O timely happy, timely wise,
4 O Trinity, O blessèd Light,
670 O what can little hands do
224 O what their joy and their glory must be,
89 O wondrous type, O vision fair,
198 O Word of God Incarnate,
97 O word of pity, for our pardon
9 O worship the King all-glorious
358 O ye who taste that love is sweet,
387 O'er those gloomy hills of darkness
60 Of the Father's love begotten,

298 Of Thy love some gracious token
78 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
117 On wings of living light,
374 Once again, dear Lord, we pray
69 Once in royal David's city
145 One there is, above all others,
461 One thing I of the Lord desire,
406 One who is all unfit to count
535 Onward! Christian soldiers,
384 Onward march, all-conquering Jesus,
180 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
306 Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer,
290 Our day of praise is done;
486 Our Father, Thy dear Name doth show
723 Our Father which art in heaven,
601 (Our God, our help in ages past,)
125 Our Lord Christ hath risen!
128 Our Lord is risen from the dead,

303 PART in peace: Christ's life was peace,
444 Peace, perfect peace,
235 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
333 Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
709 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
21 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
620 Praise, O praise our God and King;
16 Praise the Lord, His glories show,
35 Praise the Lord! ye heavens,
634 Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand
676 Praise to our God, who with love
32 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
22 Praise to the Lord, the Almighty,
34 Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord
452 Present with the two or three
547 Put thou thy trust in God,

135 REJOICE, the Lord is King;
681 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying;
174 Rest of the weary,
679 Revive Thy work, O Lord:
92 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
61 Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
344 Rise up, O men of God!
413 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
2 Round the Lord in glory seated,

707 SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
328 Safely, safely gathered in,
301 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name
476 Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
285 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
554 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
382 Saviour, sprinkle many nations,
437 Saviour, teach me, day by day,
495 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
536 Say not, 'The struggle nought availeth;
51 See! in yonder manger low,
336 Shine Thou upon us, Lord,
108 Sing, my tongue, how glorious battle
23 Sing to the Lord a joyful song,
394 Sinners Jesus will receive:
534 Soldiers of Christ! arise,
341 Soldiers of the Cross, arise!
439 Sometimes a light surprises
359 Son of God, eternal Saviour,
38 Songs of praise the angels sang,
586 Sooner or later: yet at last
395 Souls of men! why will ye scatter
445 Speak, I pray Thee, gentle Jesus!
183 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
195 Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
185 Spirit of God, that moved of old
192 Spirit of Grace, Thou Light
233 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
532 Stand up! stand up for Jesus,
627 Star of peace to wanderers weary,
602 Still on the homeward journey
49 Still the night, holy the night!
142 Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
613 Summer suns are glowing
292 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
588 Sunset and evening star,
239 Sweet is the solemn voice that calls
170 Sweeter sounds than music knows

512 TAKE my life, and let it be
501 'Take up thy cross,' the Saviour said,
511 Teach me, my God and King,
510 Teach me, O Lord, to follow Him
682 Tell me the old, old story
221 Ten thousand times ten thousand,
161 That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
205 The Church's one foundation
270 The darkness now is over,
287 The day is past and over:
123 The day of resurrection!
289 The day Thou gavest, Lord,
284 The duteous day now closeth,
362 The fields are all white,
45 The first Nowell the angel did say
608 The glory of the spring how sweet!

571 The God of Abraham ise,
130 The golden gates are lid up,
131 The Head that once wcrowned
396 The King of Glory starth
438 The King of Love my Spherd is,
132 The Lord ascendeth up on high,
727 The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
25 The Lord is King! t up thy voice,
398 The Lord is rich and erciful;
120 The Lord is risen indd;
151 The Lord will come and not be slow,
53 The morning bright,
57 The race that long in darkness pined
279 The radiant morn ha passed
219 The saints of God!
581 The sands of time are sinking:
530 The Son of God goeorth to war,
10 The spacious firmament on high,
197 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
14 The strain upraise of joy and praise,
122 The strife is o'er, the battle done;
612 The summer days arcome again;
273 The sun declines; 'er land and sea
272 The sun is sinking fast,
363 The wise may bring their learning,
575 The world looks very beautiful
621 The year is swiftly waning,
319 Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour,
431 Thee will I love, my Strength,
68 There came a little Child to earth
594 There is a blessèd home
8 There is a book, who runs may read,
480 There is a city bright;
692 There is a fountain filled with blood
105 There is a green hill far away,
587 There is a happy land,
408 There is a holy sacrifice
592 There is a land of pure delight,
590 There is no night in heaven:
148 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
593 There 's a Friend for little children,
685 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
639 These things shall be:
86 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old,
504 Thine for ever God of Love,
267 This is the day of light:
253 This stone to Thee in faith we lay;
157 Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
173 Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
67 Thou didst leave Thy throne
649 Thou gracious Power, whose mercy
459 Thou hidden Love of God,
315 Thou standest at the altar,
352 Thou to whom the sick and dying
690 Thou who didst on Calvary bleed,
147 Thou who didst stoop below
364 Thou whose almighty word
515 Though lowly here our lot may be,
30 Though troubles assail and dangers
100 Throned upon the awful Tree,
514 Through good report and evil,
702 Through the love of God
214 Through the night of doubt
215 Thy hand, O God, has guided
152 Thy Kingdom come, O God;
153 'Thy Kingdom come!' on bended knee
553 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
321 'Till He come!' O let the words
623 'Tis winter now; the fallen snow
505 To-day I arise,
686 To-day the Saviour calls:
684 To-day Thy mercy calls us
711 To Him, who sits upon the throne,
164 To the Name of our Salvation
200 To Thee, O God, we render thanks,
616 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
635 To Thee our God we fly
312 'Twas on that night when doomed to know
559 'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds

162 WAKE, awake! for night is flying,
377 Wake, Spirit, who in times
482 Walk in the light:
516 We are but little children weak,
211 We come unto our fathers' God;
346 We give Thee but Thine own,
680 We have heard a joyful sound,
236 We love the place, O God,
141 (We may not climb the heavenly steeps)
618 We plough the fields, and scatter
718 We praise Thee, O God:
3 We praise, we worship Thee,
72 We saw Thee not
109 We sing the praise of Him
409 (Weary of wandering from my God)
94 Weep not for Him
115 'Welcome, happy morning!'
701 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
87 What grace, O Lord,
644 What service shall we render thee,
540 Whate'er my God ordains is right:
26 When all Thy mercies, O my God!
573 When from Egypt's house
181 When God of old came down
158 When He cometh, when He cometh
106 When I survey the wondrous Cross
367 When Israel, of the Lord beloved
167 When morning gilds the skies,

INDEX OF FIRST WORDS

659 When mothers of Salem
589 When on my day of life
329 When our heads are bowed
584 When the day of toil is done,
85 When the Lord of Love was here,
255 When the weary, seeking rest,
582 When this passing world is done,
140 Where high the heavenly temple
42 While humble shepherds watched
578 Whither, pilgrims, are you going,
222 Who are these, like stars appearing,
558 Who fathoms the eternal thought?
77 Who is He, in yonder stall,
519 Who is on the Lord's side?
73 Who is this, so weak and helpless,
576 Who would true valour see,
628 Whom oceans part, O Lord, unite
622 Winter reigneth o'er the land,
357 Work, for the night is coming!
520 Workman of God!
232 Worship the Lord in the beauty

75 YE fair green hills of Galilee,
39 Ye holy angels bright,
168 Ye servants of God, your Master
156 Ye servants of the Lord,
704 Yield not to temptation,
561 Your harps, ye trembling saints,

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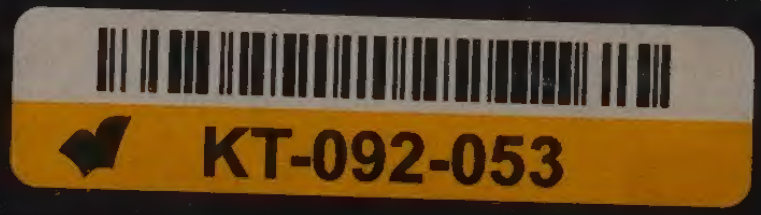
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